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The
PLEASURES
OF
Memory,

BY
Samuel Rogers, Esq.



Paris.

Published

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1805.

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ANALYSIS

OF THE FIRST PART.

THE Poem begins with the description of an obscure village, and of the pleasing melancholy which it excites on being revisited after a long absence. This mixed sensation is an effect of the Memory. From an effect we naturally ascend to the cause ; and the subject proposed is then unfolded with an investigation of the nature and leading principles of this faculty.

It is evident that there is a continued succession of ideas in the mind, and that they introduce each other with a certain degree of regularity. Their complexion depends greatly on the different perceptions of pleasure and pain which we receive through the medium of sense ; and, in return, they have a considerable influence on the animal œconomy.

They are sometimes excited by sensible objects, and sometimes by an internal operation of the mind. Of the former species is most probably the memory of brutes ; and its many sources of pleasure to them, as well as to us, are considered in the first part. The latter is the most perfect degree of memory, and forms the subject of the second.

When ideas have any relation whatever, they are attractive of each other in the mind ; and the perception of any object naturally leads to the idea of another which was connected with it either in time or place, or which can be compared or contrasted with it. Hence arises our attachment to inanimate objects ; hence also, in

some degree, the love of our country, and the emotion with which we contemplate the celebrated scenes of antiquity. Hence a picture directs our thoughts to the original: and as cold and darkness suggest forcibly the ideas of heat and light, he who feels the infirmities of age dwells most on whatever reminds him of the vigour and vivacity of his youth.

The associating principle, as here employed, is no less conducive to virtue than to happiness, and as such it frequently discovers itself in the most tumultuous scenes of life. It addresses our finer feelings, and gives exercise to every mild and generous propensity.

Not confined to man, it extends through all animated nature, and its effects are peculiarly striking in the domestic tribes.

OH! could my Mind, unfolded in my page,
Enlighten climes and mould a future age!
There as it glow'd, with noblest frenzy fraught,
Dispense the treasures of exalted thought;
To virtue wake the pulses of the heart,
And bid the tear of emulation start!
Oh! could it still, thro' each succeeding year,
My life, my manners, and my name endear!
And, when the poet sleeps in silent dust,
Still hold communion with the wise and just!—
Yet should this Verse, my leisure's best resource,
When thro' the world it steals its secret course,
Revive but once a gen'rous wish suppress,
Chase but a sigh, or charm a care to rest;
In one good deed a fleeting hour employ,
Or flush one faded cheek with honest joy;
Blest were my lines, tho' limited their sphere,
Tho' short their date as his who trac'd them here.

THE
PLEASURES OF MEMORY.

~~~~~  
PART I.  
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TWILIGHT's soft dew's steal o'er the village-
green

With magic tints to harmonize the scene :
Still'd is the hum that thro' the hamlet broke
When round the ruins of their ancient oak
The peasants flock'd to hear the minstrel play,
And games and carols clos'd the busy day :
Her wheel at rest, the matron charms no more
With treasur'd tales, and legendary lore.
All, all are fled ; nor mirth nor music flows
To chase the dreams of innocent repose.
All, all are fled ; yet still I linger here !
What pensive sweets this silent spot endear !

Mark yon old Mansion frowning thro' the trees,
Whose hollow turret wooes the whistling breeze !
That casement, arch'd with ivy's brownest shade,
First to these eyes the light of heav'n convey'd.
The mould'ring gateway strews the grass - grown
court,

Once the calm scene of many a simple sport,
When nature pleas'd, for life itself was new,
And the heart promis'd what the fancy drew.

See, thro' the fractur'd pediment reveal'd,
Where moss inlays the rudely sculptur'd shield,

The Martin's old, hereditary nest!

Long may the ruin spare its hallow'd guest!

As jars the hinge, what sullen echoes call!

Oh! haste, unfold the hospitable hall!

That hall where once, in antiquated state,

The chair of justice held the grave debate.

Now stain'd with dew, with cobwebs darkly
hung,

Oft has its roof with peals of rapture rung

When round yon ample board, in due degree,

We sweeten'd ev'ry meal with social glee.

The heart's light laugh pursued the circling jest,

And all was sunshine in each little breast.

'Twas here we chas'd the slipper by its sound,

And turn'd the blindfold hero round and round.

'Twas here, at eve, we form'd our fairy ring,

And Fancy flutter'd on her wildest wing.

Giants and Genii chain'd each wond'ring ear,

And orphan-sorrows drew the ready tear.

Oft with the babes we wander'd in the wood,

Or view'd the forest-feats of Robin Hood.

Oft, fancy-led, at midnight's fearful hour,

With startling step we scal'd the lonely tower

O'er infant innocence to hang and weep,

Murder'd by ruffian hands when smiling in its
sleep.

Ye Household Deities! whose guardian eye

Mark'd each pure thought ere register'd on high,

Still, still ye walk the consecrated ground,

And breathe the soul of Inspiration round!

As o'er the dusky furniture I bend,

Each chair awakes the feelings of a friend.

The storied arras, source of fond delight,
With old atchiev'ment charms the wilder'd sight;
And still with Heraldry's rich hues imprest,
On the dim window glows the pictur'd crest.
The screen unfolds its many colour'd chart;
The clock still points its moral to the heart—
That faithful monitor 'twas heav'n to hear
When soft it spoke a promis'd pleasure near!
And has its sober hand, its simple chime,
Forgot to trace the feather'd feet of Time?
That massive beam, with curious carvings wrought,
Whence the cag'd linnet sooth'd my pensive thought;
Those muskets cas'd with venerable rust; [dust,
Those once-lov'd forms, still breathing thro' their
Still from the frame, in mould gigantic cast,
Starting to life—all whisper of the past!

As thro' the garden's desert paths I rove,
What fond illusions swarm in every grove!
How oft, when purple ev'ning ting'd the west,
We watch'd the emmet to her grainy nest;
Welcom'd the wild-bee home on wearied wing,
Laden with sweets the choicest of the spring!
How oft inscrib'd with Friendship's votive rhyme
The bark now silver'd by the touch of Time;
Soar'd in the swing, half pleas'd and half afraid,
Thro' sister elms that wav'd their summer-shade;
Or strew'd with crumbs yon root-inwoven seat
To lure the redbreast from his lone retreat!

Childhood's lov'd group revisits ev'ry scene,
The tangled wood-walk, and the tufted green.
Indulgent Mem'ry wakes—and lo! they live,
Cloth'd with far softer hues than Light can give!

Thou last, best friend that Heav'n assigns below
To sooth and sweeten all the cares we know,
Whose glad suggestions still each vain alarm
When nature fades, and life forgets to charm,
Thee would the Muse invoke!—To thee belong
The sage's precept, and the poet's song.
What soften'd views thy magic glass reveals
When o'er the landscape Time's meek twilight
steals!

As when in ocean sinks the orb of day,
Long on the wave reflected lustres play,
Thy temper'd gleams of happiness resign'd
Glance on the darken'd mirror of the mind.

The School's lone porch, with rev'rend mosses
gray,

Just tells the pensive pilgrim where it lay.
Mute is the bell that rung at peep of dawn,
Quick'ning my truant-feet across the lawn:
Unheard the shout that rent the noontide air
When the slow dial gave a pause to care.
Up springs, at every step, to claim a tear,
Some little friendship form'd, and cherish'd here!
And not the lightest leaf but, trembling, teems
With golden visions and romantic dreams!

Down by yon hazel copse, at ev'ning, blaz'd
The Gipsy's faggot—There we stood and gaz'd;
Gaz'd on her sun-burnt face with silent awe,
Her tatter'd mantle, and her hood of straw;
Her moving lips, her caldron brimming o'er;
The drowsy brood that on her back she bore,
Imps, in the barn with mousing owlets bred,
From rifled roost at nightly revel fed,

Whose dark eyes flash'd thro' locks of blackest shade,
When in the breeze the distant watch-dog bay'd;
And heroes fled the Sibyl's mutter'd call
Whose elfin prowess scal'd the orchard-wall.
As o'er my palm the silver piece she drew,
And trac'd the line of life with searching view,
How throb'd my flutt'ring pulse with hopes and
To learn the colour of my future years! [fears

Ah! then, what honest triumph flush'd my breast!
This truth once known—To bless is to be blest!
We led the bending beggar on his way
(Bare were his feet, his tresses silver-gray)
Sooth'd the keen pangs his aged spirit felt,
And on his tale with mute attention dwelt.
As in his scrip we dropt our little store,
And wept to think that little was no more,
He breath'd his prayer: "Long may such goodness
'Twas all he gave, 'twas all he had to give. [live!"
Angels, when Mercy's mandate wing'd their flight,
Had stopt to catch new rapture from the sight.

But hark! thro' those old firs, with sullen swell,
The church-clock strikes! Ye tender scenes, farewell!
It calls me hence, beneath their shade to trace
The few fond lines that Time may soon efface.

On yon gray stone that fronts the chancel-door,
Worn smooth by busy feet, now seen no more,
Each eve we shot the marble thro' the ring,
When the heart danc'd, and life was in its spring;
Alas! unconscious of the kindred earth
That faintly echoed to the voice of mirth.

The glow-worm loves her em'rald light to shed
Where now the sexton rests his hoary head.

Oft, as he turn'd the greensward with his spade,
He lectur'd ev'ry youth that round him play'd;
And, calmly pointing where his fathers lay,
Rous'd him to rival each, the hero of his day.

Hush! ye fond flutt'ring, hush! while here alone
I search the records of each mould'ring stone.
Guides of my life! instructors of my youth!
Who first unveil'd the hallow'd form of Truth,
Whose ev'ry word enlighten'd and endear'd,
In age belov'd, in poverty rever'd,
In Friendship's silent register ye live,
Nor ask the vain memorial Art can give—

But when the sons of peace and pleasure sleep,
When only Sorrow wakes, and wakes to weep,
What spells entrance my visionary mind
With sighs so sweet, with raptures so refin'd!

Ethereal Pow'r! whose smile, at noon of night,
Recalls the far fled spirit of delight;
Instils that musing, melancholy mood,
Which charms the wise, and elevates the good;
Blest Mem'ry, hail! Oh! grant the grateful Muse,
Her pencil dipt in Nature's living hues,
To pass the clouds that round thy empire roll,
And trace its airy precincts in the soul!

Lull'd in the countless chambers of the brain,
Our thoughts are link'd by many a hidden chain.
Awake but one, and lo! what myriads rise!
Each stamps its image as the other flies;
Each, as the various avenues of sense
Delight, or sorrow to the soul dispense,
Brightens or fades; yet all, with magic art,
Controul the latent fibres of the heart.

As studious Prospero's mysterious spell
Conven'd the subject-spirits to his cell,
Each, at thy call, advances or retires,
As judgment dictates, or the scene inspires:
Each thrills the seat of sense, that sacred source
Whence the fine nerves direct their mazy course,
And thro' the frame invisibly convey
The subtle, quick vibrations as they play.

Survey the globe, each ruder realm explore;
From Reason's faintest ray to Newton soar—
What diff'rent spheres to human bliss assign'd!
What slow gradations in the scale of mind!
Yet mark in each these mystic wonders wrought;
Oh! mark the sleepless energies of thought!

Th' advent'rous boy that asks his little share,
And hies from home with many a gossip's prayer,
Turns on the neighb'ring hill once more to see
The dear abode of peace and privacy;
And as he turns, the thatch among the trees,
The smoke's blue wreaths ascending with the breeze,
The village-common spotted white with sheep,
The church-yard yews round which his fathers sleep,²
All rouse Reflection's sadly-pleasing train,
And oft he looks and weeps, and looks again.

So, when the mild Tupia dar'd explore
Arts yet untaught, and worlds unknown before,
And, with the sons of Science, woo'd the gale
That rising swell'd their strange expanse of sail;
So, when he breath'd his firm yet fond adieu,³
Borne from his leafy hut, his carv'd canoe,
And all his soul best lov'd, such tears he shed,
While each soft scene of summer-beauty fled:

Long o'er the wave a wistful look he cast,
Long watch'd the streaming signal from the mast,
Till twilight's dewy tints deceiv'd his eye,
And fairy forests fring'd the ev'ning sky.

So Scotia's Queen, as slowly dawn'd the day,⁴
Rose on her couch, and gaz'd her soul away :
Her eyes had bless'd the beacon's glimm'ring height
That faintly tipt the feath'ry surge with light ;
But now the morn with orient hues portray'd
Each castled cliff, and brown monastic shade :
All touch'd the talisman's resistless spring,
And lo! what busy tribes were instant on the wing!

Thus kindred objects kindred thoughts inspire,⁵
As summer-clouds flash forth electric fire ;
And hence this spot gives back the joys of youth
Warm as the life, and with the mirror's truth.
Hence home-felt pleasure prompts the Patriot's
This makes him wish to live, and dare to die. [sigh;⁶
For this Foscari, whose relentless fate⁷
Venice should blush to hear the Muse relate,
When exile wore his blooming years away,
To sorrow's long soliloquies a prey,
When reason, justice, vainly urg'd his cause,
For this he rous'd her sanguinary laws ;
Glad to return, tho' Hope could grant no more,
And chains and torture hail'd him to the shore.

And hence the charm historic scenes impart :
Hence Tiber awes, and Avon melts the heart.
Aerial forms, in Tempe's classic vale,
Glance thro' the gloom, and whisper in the gale ;
In wild Vaucuse with love and Laura dwell,
And watch and weep in Eloisa's cell.⁸

'Twas ever thus. As now at Virgil's tomb⁹
We bless the shade, and bid the verdure bloom,
So Tully paus'd, amid the wrecks of Time,¹⁰
On the rude stone to trace the truth sublime;
When at his feet, in honour'd dust disclos'd,
Th' immortal Sage of Syracuse repos'd,
And as his youth in sweet delusion hung
Where once a Plato taught, a Pindar sung,
Who now but meets him musing when he roves
His ruin'd Tusculan's romantic groves?
In Rome's great forum who but hears him roll
His moral thunders o'er the subject soul?

And hence that calm delight the portrait gives:
We gaze on ev'ry feature till it lives!
Still the fond lover views the absent maid,
And the lost friend still lingers in his shade!
Say why the pensive widow loves to weep¹¹
When on her knee she rocks her babe to sleep?
Tremblingly still she lifts his veil to trace
The father's features in his infant face!
The hoary grandsire smiles the hour away
Won by the charm of Innocence at play;
He bends to meet each artless burst of joy,
Forgets his age, and acts again the boy.
What tho' the iron school of War erase
Each milder virtue, and each softer grace;
What tho' the fiend's torpedo-touch arrest
Each gentler, finer impulse of the breast;
Still shall this active principle preside,
And wake the tear to Pity's self denied.

Th' intrepid Swiss that guards a foreign shore,
Condemn'd to climb his mountain-cliffs no more,

If chance he hears the song so sweetly wild ¹²
Which on those cliffs his infant hours beguil'd,
Melts at the long-lost scenes that round him rise,
And sinks a martyr to repentant sighs.

Ask not if courts or camps dissolve the charm :
Say why Vespasian lov'd his Sabine farm ? ¹³
Why great Navarre, when France and freedom
Sought the lone limits of a forest-shed ? [bled, ¹⁴
When Diocletian's self-corrected mind ¹⁵
Th' imperial fasces of a world resign'd,
Say, why we trace the labours of his spade
In calm Salona's philosophic shade ?
Say, when ambitious Charles renounc'd a throne ¹⁶
To muse with monks unletter'd and unknown,
What from his soul the parting tribute drew ?
What claim'd the sorrows of a last adieu ?—
The still retreats that sooth'd his tranquil breast
Ere grandeur dazzled, and its cares oppress'd.

Undamp'd by time, the gen'rous Instinct glows
Far as Angola's sands, as Zembla's snows ;
Glow in the tiger's den, the serpent's nest,
On ev'ry form of varied life imprest.
The social tribes its choicest influence hail —
And, when the drum beats briskly in the gale,
The war-worn courser charges at the sound,
And with young vigour wheels the pasture round.

Oft has the aged tenant of the vale
Lean'd on his staff to lengthen out the tale ;
Oft have his lips the grateful tribute breath'd
From sire to son with pious zeal bequeath'd,
When o'er the blasted heath the day declin'd,
And on the scath'd oak warr'd the winter wind ;

When not a distant taper's twinkling ray
Gleam'd o'er the furze to light him on his way :
When not a sheep-bell sooth'd his list'ning ear,
And the big rain-drops told the tempest near;
Then did his horse the homeward track descry,¹⁷
The track that shunn'd his sad, inquiring eye;
And win each wav'ring purpose to relent,
With warmth so mild, so gently violent,
That his charm'd hand the careless rein resign'd,
And doubts and terrors vanish'd from his mind.

Recall the traveller whose alter'd form
Has borne the buffet of the mountain-storm ;
And who will first his fond impatience meet !
His faithful dog 's already at his feet !
Yes, tho' the porter spurn him from his door,
Tho' all that knew him know his face no more,
His faithful dog shall tell his joy to each
With that mute eloquence which passes speech.
And see! the master but returns to die!
Yet who shall bid the watchful servant fly !
The blasts of heav'n, the drenching dews of earth,
The wanton insults of unfeeling mirth—
These, when to guard Misfortune's sacred grave,
Will firm Fidelity exult to brave.

Led by what chart, transports the timid dove
The wreaths of conquest, or the vows of love?
Say, thro' the clouds what compass points her flight?
Monarchs have gaz'd, and nations bless'd the sight.
Pile rocks on rocks, bid woods and mountains rise,
Eclipse her native shades, her native skies—
'Tis vain!—thro' Ether's pathless wilds she goes,
And lights at last where all her cares repose.

Sweet bird! thy truth shall Harlem's walls attest,¹³
 And unborn ages consecrate thy nest!
 When with the silent energy of grief,
 With looks that ask'd, yet dar'd not hope relief,
 Want, with her babes, round gen'rous Valour clung,
 To wring the slow surrender from his tongue,
 'Twas thine to animate her closing eye;
 Alas! 'twas thine perchance the first to die,
 Crush'd by her meager hand, when welcom'd from
 the sky.

Hark! the bee winds her small but mellow horn,¹⁹
 Blithe to salute the sunny smile of morn.
 O'er thymy downs she bends her busy course,
 And many a stream allures her to its source.
 'Tis noon, 'tis night. That eye so finely wrought,
 Beyond the search of sense, the soar of thought,
 Now vainly asks the scenes she left behind;
 Its orb so full, its vision so confin'd!
 Who guides the patient pilgrim to her cell?
 Who bids her soul with conscious triumph swell?
 With conscious truth retrace the mazy clue
 Of varied scents that charm'd her as she flew?
 Hail! Mem'ry, hail! thy universal reign
 Guards the least link of Beings' glorious chain.

NOTES ON THE FIRST PART.

¹ AWAKE but one, and lo ! what myriads rise !

When a traveller, who was surveying the ruins of Rome, expressed a desire to procure some relic of its ancient grandeur, Poussin, who attended him, stooped down, and gathering up a handful of earth shining with small grains of porphyry, "Take this home," said he, "for your cabinet, and say boldly : *Questa è Roma antica.*"

² The church-yard yews round which his fathers sleep.

Every man, like Gulliver in Lilliput, is fastened to some spot of earth by the thousand small threads that habit and association are continually stealing over him. Of these, perhaps, one of the strongest is here alluded to.

When the Canadian Indians were once solicited to emigrate, "What !" they replied, "shall we say to the bones of our fathers, Arise, and go with us into a foreign land !"

Hist. des Indes, par M. l'abbé RAYNAL, VI, 21.

³ So, when he breath'd his firm yet fond adieu—

He wept ; but the effort that he made to conceal his tears, concurred, with them, to do him honour : he went to the mast-head, waving to the canoes as long as they continued in sight.

HAWKESWORTH'S Voyages, II, 181.

Another very affecting instance of local attachment is related of his fellow-countryman Potaveri who came to Europe with M. de Bougainville. See *Les Jardins*, par M. l'abbé DE LILLE, *chant II.*

⁴ So Scotia's Queen, &c.

Elle se leve sur son lit, et se met à contempler la France encore, et tant qu'elle peut.

BRANTÔME, I, 140.

5 Thus kindred objects kindred thoughts inspire—

To an accidental association may be ascribed some of the noblest efforts of human genius. The Historian of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire first conceived the design among the ruins of the Capitol; and to the tones of a Welsh harp are we indebted for the Bard of Gray.

GIBBON'S Hist. XII, 32. Memoirs of GRAY, sect. IV, let. 25.

6 Hence home-felt pleasure, &c.

Who can sufficiently admire the affectionate attachment of Plutarch, who thus concludes his enumeration of the advantages of a great city to men of letters: "As to myself, I live in a little town; and I choose to live there, lest it should become still less." Vit. Dem.

7 For this Foscari, &c.

This young man was suspected of murder, and at Venice suspicion is good evidence. Neither the interest of the Doge his father, nor the intrepidity of conscious innocence, which he exhibited in the dungeon and on the rack, could procure his acquittal. He was banished to the island of Candia for life.

But here his resolution failed him. At such a distance from home he could not live; and as it was a criminal offence to solicit the intercession of any foreign prince, in a fit of despair he addressed a letter to the duke of Milan, and intrusted it to a wretch whose perfidy, he knew, would occasion his being remanded a prisoner to Venice. See Dr. MOORE'S View of Society in Italy, vol. I, let. 14.

8 And watch and weep in Eloisa's cell.

The Paraclete, founded by Abelard, in Champagne.

9 'Twas ever thus. As now at Virgil's tomb, &c.

Vows and pilgrimages are not peculiar to the religious enthusiast. Silius Italicus performed annual ceremonies

on the mountain of Posilippo, and it was there that Boccaccio, *quasi da un divino estro inspirato*, resolved to dedicate his life to the Muses.

¹⁰ So Tully paus'd amid the wrecks of Time.

When Cicero was quæstor in Sicily, he discovered the tomb of Archimedes by its mathematical inscription.

Tusc. Quæst. V, 3

¹¹ Say why the pensive widow loves to weep, &c.

The influence of the associating principle is finely exemplified in the faithful Penelope when she sheds tears over the bow of Ulysses. Od. XXI, 55.

¹² If chance he hears the song so sweetly wild—

The celebrated Ranz des Vaches ; cet air si chéri des Suisses, qu'il fut défendu, sous peine de mort, de le jouer dans leurs troupes, parce qu'il faisoit fondre en larmes, désertier ou mourir ceux qui l'entendoient ; tant il excitoit en eux l'ardent desir de revoir leur pays.

ROUSSEAU, *Dictionnaire de Musique*.

¹³ Say why Vespasian lov'd his Sabine farm ?

This emperor, according to Suetonius, constantly passed the summer in a small villa near Reate where he was born, and to which he would never add any embellishment ; *ne quid scilicet oculorum consuetudini deperiret*.

SUET. in Vit. Vesp. cap. II.

A similar instance occurs in the life of the venerable Pertinax, as related by J. Capitolinus. Posteaquam in Liguriam venit, multis agris coemptis, tabernam paternam, *manente formâ priore*, infinitis ædificiis circumdedit.

Hist. August. 54.

And it is said of Cardinal Richelieu that, when he built his magnificent palace on the site of the old family

château at Richelieu, he sacrificed its symmetry to preserve the room in which he was born.

Mémoires de Mlle. DE MONTPENSIER.

An attachment of this nature is generally the characteristic of a benevolent mind; and a long acquaintance which the world cannot always extinguish it.

“To a friend,” says John Duke of Buckingham, “I will expose my weakness: I am oftener missing a pretty gallery in the old house I pulled down than pleased with a saloon which I built in its stead, though a thousand times better in all respects.” See his Letter to the D. of Sh.

This is the language of the heart, and will remind the reader of that good-humoured remark in one of Pope’s letters—“I should hardly care to have an old post pulled up that I remembered ever since I was a child.”

POPE’S Works, VIII, 151.

Nor did the poet feel the charm more forcibly than his Editors. See HURD’S Life of Warburton, 51, 99.

The elegant author of *Telemachus* has illustrated this subject, with equal fancy and feeling, in the story of *Alibée, Persan*. See *Recueil de Fables composées pour l’éducation d’un Prince*.

14 Why great Navarre, &c.

That amiable and accomplished monarch, Henry the Fourth of France, made an excursion from his camp, during the long siege of Laon, to dine at a house in the forest of Folambray, where he had often been regaled, when a boy, with fruit, milk, and new cheese, and in revisiting which he promised himself great pleasure.

Mémoires de SULLY, tome II, p. 381.

15 When Diocletian’s self-corrected mind—

Diocletian retired into his native province, and there

amused himself with building, planting, and gardening. His answer to Maximian is deservedly celebrated. He was solicited by that restless old man to re-assume the reins of government, and the Imperial purple. He rejected the temptation with a smile of pity, calmly observing, "that if he could shew Maximian the cabbages which he had planted with his own hands at Salona, he should no longer be urged to relinquish the enjoyment of happiness for the pursuit of power."

GIBBON, II, 175.

¹⁶ Say, when ambitious Charles renounc'd a throne—

When the emperor Charles V had executed his memorable resolution, -and had set out for the monastery of St. Justus, he stopped a few days at Ghent, says his historian, to indulge that tender and pleasant melancholy which arises in the mind of every man in the decline of life on visiting the place of his nativity, and viewing the scenes and objects familiar to him in his early youth.

ROBERTSON'S Hist. IV, 256.

¹⁷ Then did his horse the homeward track descry.

The memory of the horse forms the ground-work of a pleasing little romance of the twelfth century, entitled, "*Lai du Palefroi vair.*" See *Fabliaux ou Contes du XII.^e et du XIII.^e siecle*, IV, 195.

Ariosto likewise introduces it in a passage full of truth and nature. When Baiardo meets Angelica in the forest,

. . . . Va mansueto alla Donzella,

.

Che in Albracca il servia già di sua mano.

ORLANDO FURIOSO, cant. I, 75.

¹⁸ Sweet bird ! thy truth shall Harlem's walls
attest—

During the siege of Harlem, when that city was reduced to the last extremity, and on the point of opening its gates to a base and barbarous enemy, a design was formed to relieve it ; and the intelligence was conveyed to the citizens by a letter which was tied under the wing of a pigeon.

THUANUS, lib. LV, c. 5.

The same messenger was employed at the siege of Mutina, as we are informed by the elder Pliny.

Hist. nat. X, 37.

¹⁹ Hark ! the bee, &c.

This little animal, from the extreme convexity of her eye, cannot see many inches before her.



ANALYSIS
OF THE SECOND PART.

THE Memory has hitherto acted only in subservience to the senses, and so far man is not eminently distinguished from other animals : but, with respect to man, she has a higher province, and is often busily employed when excited by no external cause whatever. She preserves, for his use, the treasures of art and science, history and philosophy. She colours all the prospects of life : for ' we can only anticipate the future by concluding what is possible from what is past.' On her agency depends every effusion of the Fancy, whose boldest effort can only compound or transpose, augment or diminish the materials which she has collected and retained.

When the first emotions of despair have subsided, and sorrow has softened into melancholy, she amuses with a retrospect of innocent pleasures, and inspires that noble confidence which results from the consciousness of having acted well. When sleep has suspended the organs of sense from their office, she not only supplies the mind with images, but assists in their combination. And even in madness itself, when the soul is resigned over to the tyranny of a distempered imagination, she revives past perceptions, and awakens the train of thought which was formerly most familiar.

Nor are we pleased only with a review of the brighter passages of life ; events, the most distressing in their immediate consequences, are often cherished in remembrance with a degree of enthusiasm.

But the world and its occupations give a mechanical impulse to the passions which is not very favourable to the indulgence of this feeling. It is in a calm and well-regulated mind that the Memory is most perfect ; and solitude is her best sphere of action. With this sentiment is introduced a Tale, illustrative of her influence in solitude, sickness, and sorrow. And the subject having now been considered, so far as it relates to man and the animal world, the Poem concludes with a conjecture that superior Beings are blest with a nobler exercise of this faculty.



THE
PLEASURES OF MEMORY.

PART II.

SWEET Mem'ry, wafted by thy gentle gale,
Oft up the stream of Time I turn my sail
To view the fairy-haunts of long-lost hours,
Blest with far greener shades, far fresher flow'rs.

Ages and climes remote to Thee impart
What charms in Genius, and refines in Art;
Thee, in whose hand the keys of Science dwell,
The pensive portress of her holy cell,
Whose constant vigils chase the chilling damp
Oblivion steals upon her vestal-lamp.

The friends of Reason, and the guides of Youth,
Whose language breath'd the eloquence of Truth;
Whose life, beyond preceptive wisdom, taught
The Great in conduct, and the Pure in thought;
These still exist, by Thee to Fame consign'd,
Still speak and act, the models of mankind.

From Thee sweet Hope her airy colouring draws;
And Fancy's flights are subject to thy laws:
From Thee that bosom-spring of rapture flows,
Which only Virtue, tranquil Virtue, knows.

When Joy's bright sun has shed his evening-ray,
And Hope's delusive meteors cease to play;
When clouds on clouds the smiling prospect close,
Still thro' the gloom thy Star serenely glows:

Like yon fair orb she gilds the brow of night
With the mild magic of reflected light.

The beauteous maid, that bids the world adieu,
Oft of that world will snatch a fond review;
Oft at the shrine neglect her beads to trace
Some social scene, some dear, familiar face,
Forgot when first a father's stern controul
Chas'd the gay visions of her op'ning soul:
And ere, with iron tongue, the vesper-bell
Bursts thro' the cypress-walk, the convent-cell,
Oft will her warm and wayward heart revive
To love and joy still tremblingly alive;
The whisper'd vow, the chaste caress prolong,
Weave the light dance, and swell the choral
song;

With rapt ear drink th' enchanting serenade,
And, as it melts along the moonlight-glade,
To each soft note return as soft a sigh,
And bless the youth that bids her slumbers fly.

But not till Time has calm'd the ruffled breast
Are these fond dreams of happiness confest:
Not till the rushing winds forget to rave
Is heav'n's sweet smile reflected on the wave.

From Guinea's coast pursue the less'ning sail,
And catch the sounds that sadden ev'ry gale.
Tell, if thou canst, the sum of sorrows there;
Mark the fixt gaze, the wild and frenzied glare,
The racks of thought, and freezings of despair!
But pause not then—Beyond the western wave
Go, view the captive barter'd as a slave!
Crush'd till his high, heroic spirit bleeds,
And from his nerveless frame indignantly recedes.

Yet here, ev'n here, with pleasures long resign'd,
Lo! Mem'ry bursts the twilight of the mind:
Her dear delusions sooth his sinking soul,
When the rude scourge assumes its base controul;
And o'er Futurity's blank page diffuse
The full reflection of their vivid hues.

'Tis but to die, and then, to weep no more
Then will he wake on Congo's distant shore;
Beneath his plantain's ancient shade renew
The simple transports that with freedom flew;
Catch the cool breeze that musky Ev'ning blows,
And quaff the palm's rich nectar as it glows:
The oral tale of elder time rehearse,
And chant the rude, traditionary verse
With those, the lov'd companions of his youth,
When life was luxury, and friendship truth.

Ah! why should Virtue dread the frowns of Fate?
Hers what no wealth can win, no power create!
A little world of clear and cloudless day,
Nor wreck'd by storms, nor moulder'd by decay;
A world with Mem'ry's ceaseless sun-shine blest,
The home of Happiness, an honest breast.

But most we mark the wonders of her reign
When Sleep has lock'd the senses in her chain.
When sober Judgment has his throne resign'd,
She smiles away the chaos of the mind;
And, as warm Fancy's bright Elysium glows,
From Her each image springs, each colour flows.
She is the sacred guest! th' immortal friend!
Oft seen o'er sleeping Innocence to bend
In that dead hour of night to Silence giv'n,
Whisp'ring seraphic visions of her heav'n.

When the blithe son of Savoy, journeying round
With humble wares and pipe of merry sound,
From his green vale and shelter'd cabin hies,
And scales the Alps to visit foreign skies;
Tho' far below the forked lightnings play,
And at his feet the thunder dies away,
Oft, in the saddle rudely rock'd to sleep,
While his mule browses on the dizzy steep,
With Mem'ry's aid, he sits at home, and sees
His children sport beneath their native trees,
And bends, to hear their cherub-voices call,
O'er the loud fury of the torrent's fall.

But can her smile with gloomy Madness dwell?
Say, can she chase the horrors of his cell?
Each fiery flight on Frenzy's wing restrain,
And mould the coinage of the fever'd brain?
Pass but that grate which scarce a gleam supplies,
There in the dust the wreck of Genius lies!
He, whose arresting hand sublimely wrought
Each bold conception in the sphere of thought!
Who from the quarried mass, like Phidias, drew
Forms ever fair, creations ever new!
But, as he fondly snatch'd the wreath of Fame,
The spectre Poverty unnerv'd his frame.
Cold was her grasp, a with'ring scowl she wore,
And Hope's soft energies were felt no more.
Yet still how sweet the soothings of his art!
From the rude stone what bright ideas start!
E'en now he claims the amaranthine wreath,
With scenes that glow, with images that breathe!
And whence these scenes, these images, declare—
Whence but from Her who triumphs o'er despair!

Awake, arise! with grateful fervor fraught,
Go, spring the mine of elevating thought.
He who thro' Nature's various walk surveys
The good and fair her faultless line portrays;
Whose mind, prophan'd by no unhallow'd guest,
Culls from the crowd the purest and the best,
May range, at will, bright Fancy's golden clime,
Or, musing, mount where Science sits sublime,
Or wake the spirit of departed Time.
Who acts thus wisely, mark the moral Muse!
A blooming Eden in his life reviews.
So rich the culture, tho' so small the space,
Its scanty limits he forgets to trace:
But the fond fool, when ev'ning shades the sky,
Turns but to start, and gazes but to sigh! ³
The weary waste, that lengthen'd as he ran,
Fades to a blank, and dwindles to a span!

Ah! who can tell the triumphs of the mind,
By truth illumin'd, and by taste refin'd!
When Age has quench'd the eye and clos'd the
ear,

Still nerv'd for action in her native sphere
Oft will she rise—with searching glance pursue
Some long-lov'd image vanish'd from her view;
Dart thro' the deep recesses of the past
O'er dusky forms in chains of slumber cast;
With giant-grasp fling back the folds of night,
And snatch the faithless fugitive to light.

So thro' the grove th' impatient mother flies,
Each sunless glade, each secret pathway tries
Till the light leaves the truant boy disclose,
Long on the wood-moss stretch'd in sweet repose.

Nor yet to pleasing objects are confin'd
The silent feasts of the reflecting mind :
Danger and death a dread delight inspire ;
And the bald vet'ran glows with wonted fire
When, richly bronz'd by many a summer-sun,
He counts his scars, and tells what deeds were done.

Go, with old Thames, view Chelsea's glorious pile ;
And ask the shatter'd hero, whence his smile !
Go, view the splendid domes of Greenwich, go ;
And own what raptures from Reflection flow.

Hail, noblest structures imag'd in the wave !
A nation's grateful tribute to the brave.
Hail ! blest retreats from war and shipwreck, hail !
That oft arrest the wond'ring stranger's sail.
Long have ye heard the narratives of age,
The battle's havoc, and the tempest's rage ;
Long have ye known Reflection's genial ray
Gild the calm close of Valour's various day.

Time's sombrous touches soon correct the piece,
Mellow each tint, and bid each discord cease :
A softer tone of light pervades the whole,
And steals a pensive languor o'er the soul.

Hast thou thro' Eden's wild-wood vales pursued ⁴
Each mountain-scene, magnificently rude,
To mark the sweet simplicity of life,
Far from the din of Folly's idle strife,
Nor, with Attention's lifted eye, rever'd
That modest stone which pious Pembroke rear'd,
Which still records, beyond the pencil's power,
The silent sorrows of a parting hour,
Still to the musing pilgrim points the place
Her sainted spirit most delights to trace !

Thus, with the manly glow of honest pride,
O'er his dead son old Ormond nobly sigh'd.
Thus, thro' the gloom of Shenstone's fairy grove,
Maria's urn still breathes the voice of love.

As the stern grandeur of a Gothic tower
Awes us less deeply in its morning hour
Than when the shades of Time serenely fall
On ev'ry broken arch and ivied wall,
The tender images we love to trace,
Steal from each year a melancholy grace;
And as the sparks of social love expand,
As the heart opens in a foreign land,
And with a brother's warmth, a brother's smile,
The stranger greets each native of his isle,
So scenes of life, when present and confest,
Stamp but their bolder features on the breast:
Yet not an image, when remotely view'd,
However trivial, and however rude,
But wins the heart, and wakes the social sigh
With ev'ry claim of close affinity.

But these pure joys the world can never know:
In gentler climes their silver currents flow.
Oft at the silent, shadowy close of day,
When the hush'd grove has sung its parting lay;
When pensive Twilight, in her dusky car,
Comes slowly on to meet the Ev'ning-star;
Above, below, aerial murmurs swell
From hanging wood, brown heath, and bushy dell;
A thousand nameless rills, that shun the light,
Stealing soft music on the ear of Night.
So oft the finer movements of the soul,
That shun the sphere of Pleasure's gay controul,

In the still shades of calm Seclusion rise,
And breathe their sweet, seraphic harmonies!

Once, and domestic annals tell the time
(Preserv'd in Cumbria's rude, romantic clime)
When Nature smil'd, and o'er the landscape threw
Her richest fragrance, and her brightest hue,
A blithe and blooming Forester explor'd
Those nobler scenes Salvator's soul ador'd;
The rocky pass half hung with shaggy wood,
And the cleft oak flung boldly o'er the flood.

High on exulting wing the heath-cock rose, ⁶
And blew his shrill blast o'er perennial snows;
When the rapt youth, recoiling from the roar,
Gaz'd on the tumbling tide of dread Lodoar;
And thro' the rifted cliffs, that scal'd the sky,
Derwent's clear mirror charm'd his dazzled eye. ⁷
Each osier-isle, inverted on the wave,
Thro' morn's gray mist its melting colours gave;
And, o'er the cygnet's haunt, the mantling grove
Its em'rald arch with wild luxuriance wove.

Light as the breeze that brush'd the orient dew,
From rock to rock the young advent'rer flew;
And day's last sunshine slept along the shore,
When lo! a path the smile of welcome wore.
Imbow'ring shrubs with verdure veil'd the sky,
And on the musk-rose shed a deeper dye;
Save when a mild and momentary gleam
Glanc'd from the white foam of some shelter'd stream.

O'er the still lake the bell of evening toll'd,
And on the moor the shepherd penn'd his fold;
And on the green hill's side the meteor play'd;
When, hark! a voice sung sweetly thro' the shade.

It ceas'd—yet still in Florio's fancy sung;
Still on each note his captive spirit hung
Till o'er the mead a cool, sequester'd grot
From its rich roof a sparry lustre shot;
A crystal water cross'd the pebbled floor,
And on the front these simple lines it bore:

Hence, away! nor dare intrude!—
In this secret, shadowy cell
Musing Mem'ry loves to dwell,
With her sister Solitude.

Far from the busy world she flies,
To taste that peace the world denies.
Entranc'd she sits, from youth to age,
Reviewing Life's eventful page;
And noting, ere they fade away,
The little lines of yesterday.

Florio had gain'd a rude and rocky seat,
When lo! the Genius of this still retreat!—
Fair was her form—but who can hope to trace
The pensive softness of her angel-face!
Can Virgil's verse, can Raphael's touch impart
Those finer features of the feeling heart,
Those tend'rer tints that shun the careless eye,
And in the world's contagious climate die?

She left the cave, nor mark'd the stranger there;
Her past'ral beauty, and her artless air,
Had breath'd a soft enchantment o'er his soul!
In ev'ry nerve he felt her blest controul!
What pure and white-wing'd agents of the sky,
Who rule the springs of sacred sympathy,
Inform congenial spirits when they meet?
Sweet is their office, as their nature sweet!

Florio, with fearful joy, pursued the maid,
 Till thro' a vista's moonlight-checquer'd shade,
 Where the bath circled, and the rooks repos'd
 (Their wars suspended, and their counsels clos'd)
 An antique mansion burst in awful state,
 A rich vine clust'ring round its Gothic gate—
 Nor paus'd he there. The master of the scene
 Saw his light step imprint the dewy green;
 And slow-advancing, hail'd him as his guest,
 Won by the honest warmth his looks express'd.
 He wore the rustic manners of a Squire;
 Age had not quench'd one spark of manly fire;
 But giant Gout had bound him in her chain,
 And his heart panted for the chase in vain.

Yet here Remembrance, sweetly-soothing power!
 Wing'd with delight Confinement's ling'ring hour.
 The fox's brush still emulous to wear,
 He scour'd the county in his elbow-chair;
 And, with view-halloo, rous'd the dreaming hound,
 That rung, by starts, his deep-ton'd music round.

Long by the paddock's humble pale confin'd,
 His aged hunters cours'd the viewless wind:
 And each, with glowing energy portray'd,
 The far fam'd triumphs of the field display'd;
 Usurp'd the canvas of the crowded hall,
 And chas'd a line of heroes from the wall.
 There slept the horn each jocund echo knew,
 And many a smile and many a story drew.
 High o'er the hearth his forest-trophies hung,
 And their fantastic branches wildly flung.
 How would he dwell on each vast antler there!
 This dash'd the wave, that fann'd the mountain-air.

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Each, as it frown'd, unwritten records bore
Of gallant feats and festivals of yore.

But why the tale prolong!—His only child,
His darling Julia on the stranger smil'd.
Her little arts a fretful Sire to please,
Her gentle gaiety, and native ease,
Had won his soul; and rapt'rous Fancy shed
Her golden lights and tints of rosy red:
But ah! few days had pass'd ere the bright vision
fled!

When ev'ning ting'd the lake's ethereal blue,
And her deep shades irregularly threw;
Their shifting sail dropt gently from the cove,
Down by St. Herbert's consecrated grove;⁸
Whence erst the chanted hymn, the taper'd rite,
Amus'd the fisher's solitary night:
And still the mitred window, richly wreath'd,
A sacred calm thro' the brown foliage breath'd.

The wild deer, starting thro the silent glade,
With fearful gaze their various course survey'd.
High hung in air the hoary goat reclin'd,
His streaming beard the sport of every wind;
And, as the coot her jet-wing lov'd to lave,
Rock'd on the bosom of the sleepless wave;
The eagle rush'd from Skiddaw's purple crest,
A cloud still brooding o'er her giant-nest.

And now the moon had dimm'd, with dewy ray,
The few, fine flushes of departing day;
O'er the wide water's deep serene she hung,
And her broad lights on ev'ry mountain flung;
When lo! a sudden blast the vessel blew,⁹
And to the surge consign'd its little crew!

All, all escap'd—but ere the lover bore
His faint and faded Julia to the shore,
Her sense had fled!—exhausted by the storm,
A fatal trance hung o'er her pallid form;
Her closing eye a trembling lustre fir'd;
'Twas life's last spark—it flutter'd and expir'd!

The father strew'd his white hairs in the wind,
Call'd on his child—nor linger'd long behind:
And Florio liv'd to see the willow wave,
With many an evening-whisper, o'er their grave.
Yes, Florio liv'd—and, still of each possess'd,
The father cherish'd, and the maid caress'd!

For ever would the fond enthusiast rove,
With Julia's spirit thro' the shadowy grove;
Gaze with delight on ev'ry scene she plann'd,
Kiss ev'ry flowret planted by her hand.
Ah! still he trac'd her steps along the glade,
When hazy hues and glimm'ring lights betray'd
Half-viewless forms; still listen'd as the breeze
Heav'd its deep sobs among the aged trees;
And at each pause her melting accents caught,
In sweet delirium of romantic thought!
Dear was the grot that shunn'd the blaze of day;
She gave its spars to shoot a trembling ray.
The spring, that bubbled from its inmost cell,
Murmur'd of Julia's virtues as it fell;
And o'er the dripping moss, the fretted stone,
In Florio's ear breath'd language not its own.
Her charm around th' enchantress Mem'ry threw,
A charm that soothes the mind, and sweetens too!

But is Her magic only felt below?
Say, thro' what brighter realms she bids it flow;

To what pure beings, in a nobler sphere,¹⁰
She yields delight but faintly imag'd here.
All that till now their rapt researches knew,
Not call'd in slow succession to review;
But, as a landscape meets the eye of day,
At once presented to their glad survey!

Each scene of bliss reveal'd, since chaos fled,
And dawning light its dazzling glories spread;
Each chain of wonders that sublimely glow'd,
Since first Creation's choral anthem flow'd;
Each ready flight, at Mercy's smile divine,
To distant worlds that undiscover'd shine;
Full on her tablet flings its living rays,
And all combin'd with blest effulgence blaze.

There thy bright train, immortal Friendship! soar;
No more to part, to mingle tears no more!
And, as the soft'ning hand of Time endears
The joys and sorrows of our infant-years,
So there the soul, releas'd from human strife,
Smiles at the little cares and ills of life,
Its lights and shades, its sunshine and its show'rs;
As at a dream that charm'd her vacant hours.

Oft may the spirits of the dead descend
To watch the silent slumbers of a friend;
To hover round his evening-walk unseen,
And hold sweet converse on the dusky green;
To hail the spot where first their friendship grew,
And heav'n and nature open'd to their view!
Oft, when he trims his cheerful hearth and sees
A smiling circle emulous to please,
There may these gentle guests delight to dwell,
And bless the scene they lov'd in life so well,

O thou! with whom my heart was wont to share
From Reason's dawn each pleasure and each care,
With whom, alas! I fondly hop'd to know
The humble walks of happiness below;
If thy blest nature now unites above
An angel's pity with a brother's love,
Still o'er my life preserve thy mild controul,
Correct my views, and elevate my soul!
Grant me thy peace and purity of mind,
Devout yet cheerful, active yet resign'd!
Grant me, like thee, whose heart knew no disguise,
Whose blameless wishes never aim'd to rise,
To meet the changes Time and Chance present,
With modest dignity and calm content!
When thy last breath, ere Nature sunk to rest,
Thy meek submission to thy God express'd;
When thy last look, ere thought and feeling fled,
A mingled gleam of hope and triumph shed;
What to thy soul its glad assurance gave,
Its hope in death, its triumph o'er the grave?
The sweet Remembrance of unblemished youth,
Th' inspiring voice of Innocence and Truth!

Hail, Mem'ry, hail! In thy exhaustless mine
From age to age unnumber'd treasures shine!
Thought and her shadowy brood thy call obey,
And Place and Time are subject to thy sway.
Thy pleasures most we feel, when most alone;
The only pleasures we can call our own.
Lighter than air, Hope's summer-visions die,
If but a fleeting cloud obscure the sky;
If but a beam of sober Reason play,
Lo! Fancy's fairy frost-work melts away!

But can the wiles of Art, the grasp of Pow'r,
Snatch the rich relics of a well-spent hour?
These, when the trembling spirit wings her flight,
Pour round her path a stream of living light;
And gild those pure and perfect realms of rest,
Where Virtue triumphs, and her sons are blest.

NOTES ON THE SECOND PART.

* THESE still exist, &c.

There is a future Existence even in this world ; an Existence in the hearts and minds of those who shall live after us. It is in reserve for every man, however obscure ; and his portion, if he be diligent, must be equal to his desires. For, in whose remembrance can we wish to hold a place but such as know, and are known by us ? These are within the sphere of our influence, and among these, and their descendants, we may live evermore.

It is a state of rewards and punishments, and like that revealed to us in the Gospel has the happiest influence on our lives ; the latter excites us to gain the favor of God ; the former to gain the love and esteem of wise and good men : and both conduce to the same end ; for in framing our conceptions of the Deity we only ascribe to him exalted degrees of Wisdom and Goodness.

² Yet still how sweet the soothings of his art !

The astronomer chalking his figures on the wall, in Hogarth's view of Bedlam, is an admirable exemplification of this idea. See the RAKE'S PROGRESS, plate 8.

3 Turns but to start, and gazes but to sigh!

The following stanzas are said to have been written on a blank leaf of this Poem. They present so affecting a reverse of the picture, that I cannot neglect the opportunity of introducing them here.

Pleasures of Memory!—oh supremely blest,
And justly proud beyond a Poet's praise,
If the pure confines of thy tranquil breast
Contain, indeed, the subject of thy lays!
By me how envied!—for to me,
The herald still of misery,
Memory makes her influence known
By sighs, and tears, and grief alone.

I greet her as the fiend to whom belong
The vulture's rav'ning beak, the raven's fun'ral song.

Alone, at midnight's haunted hour,
When Nature woos repose in vain,
Remembrance wastes her penal pow'r,
The tyrant of the burning brain.

She tells of time mispent, of comfort lost,
Of fair occasions gone for ever by,
Of hopes too fondly nurs'd, too rudely cross'd,
Of many a cause to wish, yet fear, to die;
For what, except th' instinctive fear
Lest she survive, detains me here,
When "all the life of life" is fled—
What but the deep inherent dread
Lest she beyond the grave resume her reign,
And realize the hell that priests and beldams feign!

4 Hast thou thro' Eden's wild-wood vales
pursued, &c.

On the road-side between Penrith and Appleby stands a small pillar with this inscription:

"This pillar was erected in the year 1656 by Ann

Countess Dowager of Pembroke, &c. for a memorial of her last parting, in this place, with her good and pious mother, Margaret, Countess Dowager of Cumberland, on the 2d of April 1616 : in memory whereof she hath left an annuity of 4 l. to be distributed to the poor of the parish of Brougham, every 2d day of April for ever, upon the stone-table placed hard by. *Laus Deo !* ”

The Eden is the principal river of Cumberland, and has its source in the wildest part of Westmoreland.

5 Thus, with the manly glow of honest pride,
O'er his dead son old Ormond nobly sigh'd, &c.

Ormond bore the loss with patience and dignity, though he ever retained a pleasing, however melancholy, sense of the signal merit of Ossory. “ I would not exchange my dead son, ” said he, “ for any living son in Christendom. ”

HUME, VI, 340.

The same sentiment is inscribed on Miss Dolman's urn at the Leasowes :

Heu ! quantò minus est cum reliquis versari quàm tuî meminisse !

6 High on exulting wing the heath-cock rose.

This bird, according to Mr. Pennant, is remarkable for his exultation during the spring when he calls the hen to his haunts with a loud and shrill voice, and is so inattentive to his safety as to be easily shot. *Brit. Zoology*, 266.

7 Derwent's clear mirror.

The Lake of Keswick in Cumberland.

8 Down by St. Herbert's consecrated grove.

A small wooded island once dignified with a religious house.

9 When lo! a sudden blast the vessel blew—

In a lake, surrounded with mountains, the agitations are often violent and momentary. The winds blow in gusts and eddies; and the water no sooner swells than it subsides. See BOURN's Hist. of Westmoreland.

10 To what pure beings, in a nobler sphere,
She yields delight but faintly imag'd here.

The several degrees of angels may probably have larger views, and some of them be endowed with capacities able to retain together, and constantly set before them, as in one picture, all their past knowledge at once.

LOCKE on Human Understanding, book II,
chap. X, 9.



**THE
PLEASURES OF HOPE,**

BY THOMAS CAMPBELL.

PLEASURES OF HOPE.

BY THOMAS CAMPBELL.

ANALYSIS

OF THE FIRST PART.

THE Poem opens with a comparison between the beauty of remote objects in a landscape, and those ideal scenes of felicity which the imagination delights to contemplate—The influence of anticipation upon the other passions is next delineated — An allusion is made to the well known fiction in Pagan tradition, that, when all the guardian Deities of mankind abandoned the world, Hope alone was left behind — The consolations of this passion in situations of danger and distress — The seaman on his midnight watch — The soldier marching into battle — Allusion to the interesting adventures of Byron.

The inspiration of Hope as it actuates the efforts of genius, whether in the department of science, or of taste — Domestic felicity, how intimately connected with views of future happiness — Picture of a mother watching her infant when asleep — Pictures of the prisoner, the maniac, and the wanderer.

From the consolations of individual misery a transition is made to prospects of political improvement in the future state of society — The wide field that is yet open for the progress of humanizing arts among uncivilized nations—From these views of the amelioration of society, and the extension of liberty and truth over despotic and barbarous countries, by a melancholy contrast of ideas, we are led to reflect upon the hard fate of a brave people recently conspicuous in their struggles for independence — Description of the capture of Warsaw,

of the last contest of the oppressors and the oppressed, and the massacre of the Polish Patriots at the Bridge of Prague — Apostrophe to the self-interested enemies of human improvement — The wrongs of Africa — The barbarous policy of Europeans in India — Prophecy in the Hindoo mythology of the expected descent of the Deity to redress the miseries of their race, and to take vengeance on the violators of Justice and Mercy.



THE
PLEASURES OF HOPE.

PART I.

AT summer eve, when Heav'n's aerial bow
Spans with bright arch the glitt'ring hills below,
Why to yon mountain turns the musing eye,
Whose sun-bright summit mingles with the sky?
Why do those cliffs of shadowy tint appear
More sweet than all the landscape smiling near?—
'Tis Distance lends enchantment to the view,
And robes the mountain in its azure hue.

Thus, with delight, we linger to survey
The promis'd joys of life's unmeasur'd way;
Thus, from afar, each dim-discover'd scene
More pleasing seems than all the past hath been;
And ev'ry form, that fancy can repair
From dark oblivion, glows divinely there.

What potent spirit guides the raptur'd eye
To pierce the shades of dim futurity?
Can Wisdom lend, with all her heav'nly pow'r,
The pledge of Joy's anticipated hour?
Ah! no, she darkly sees the fate of man
Her dim horizon bounded to a span;
Or, if she hold an image to the view,
'Tis nature pictur'd too severely true.

With thee, sweet Hope! resides the heav'nly light
That pours remotest rapture on the sight:

Thine is the charm of life's bewilder'd way
That calls each slumb'ring passion into play :
Wak'd by thy touch, I see the sister band,
On tiptoe watching, start at thy command,
And fly where'er thy mandate bids them steer,
To Pleasure's path, or Glory's bright career.

Primeval Hope, th' Aonian Muses say,
When Man and Nature mourn'd their first decay ;
When ev'ry form of death, and ev'ry woe,
Shot from malignant stars to earth below ;
When Murder bar'd his arm, and rampant War
Yok'd the red dragons of her iron car ;
When Peace and Mercy, banish'd from the plain,
Sprung on the viewless winds to Heav'n again ;
All, all forsook the friendless guilty mind,
But Hope, the charmer, linger'd still behind.

Thus, while Elijah's burning wheels prepare,
From Carmel's height to sweep the fields of air,
The prophet's mantle, ere his flight began,
Dropp'd on the world—a sacred gift to man.

Auspicious Hope ! in thy sweet garden grow
Wreaths for each toil, a charm for ev'ry woe :
Won by their sweets, in Nature's languid hour,
The way-worn pilgrim seeks thy summer bow'r ;
There, as the wild-bee murmurs on the wing,
What peaceful dreams thy handmaid spirits bring !
What viewless forms th' Æolian organ play, [away !
And sweep the furrow'd lines of anxious thought

Angel of life ! thy glitt'ring wings explore
Earth's loneliest bounds, and Ocean's wildest shore.
Lo ! to the wint'ry winds the pilot yields
His bark careering o'er unfathom'd fields ;

Now on Atlantic waves he rides afar,
Where Andes, giant of the western star,
With meteor standard to the winds unfurl'd,
Looks from his throne of clouds o'er half the world.

Now far he sweeps, where scarce a summer smiles,
On Behring's rocks, or Greenland's naked isles;
Cold on his midnight watch the breezes blow,
From wastes that slumber in eternal snow;
And waft, across the waves' tumultuous roar,
The wolf's long howl from Oonalaska's shore.

Poor child of danger, nursling of the storm,
Sad are the woes that wreck thy manly form!
Rocks, waves, and winds the shatter'd bark delay;
Thy heart is sad, thy home is far away.

But Hope can here her moonlight vigils keep,
And sing to charm the spirit of the deep:
Swift as yon streamer lights the starry pole,
Her visions warm the watchman's pensive soul:
His native hills that rise in happier climes,
The grot that heard his song of other times,
His cottage-home, his bark of slender sail,
His glassy lake, and broomwood-blossom'd vale,
Rush on his thought; he sweeps before the wind;
Treads the lov'd shore he sigh'd to leave behind;
Meets at each step a friend's familiar face,
And flies at last to Helen's long embrace;
Wipes from her cheek the rapture-speaking tear,
And clasps, with many a sigh, his children dear!
While, long neglected, but at length caress'd,
His faithful dog salutes the smiling guest;
Points to the master's eyes (where'er they roam)
His wistful face, and whines a welcome home.

Friend of the brave! in peril's darkest hour,
Intrepid Virtue looks to thee for power;
To thee the heart its trembling homage yields,
On stormy floods, and carnage-cover'd fields,
When front to front the banner'd hosts combine,
Halt ere they close, and form the dreadful line.
When all is still on Death's devoted soil,
The march-worn soldier mingles for the toil;
As rings his glitt'ring tube, he lifts on high
The dauntless brow, and spirit-speaking eye;
Hails in his heart the triumph yet to come,
And hears thy stormy music in the drum!

And such thy strength-inspiring aid that bore
The hardy Byron to his native shore—¹
In horrid climes, where Chiloe's tempests weep
Tumultuous murmurs o'er the troubled deep,
'Twas his to mourn misfortune's rudest shock,
Scourg'd by the winds, and cradled on the rock;
To wake each joyless morn, and search again
The famish'd haunts of solitary men,
Whose race, unyielding as their native storm,
Knows not a trace of Nature but the form;
Yet, at thy call, the hardy tar pursued,
Pale, but intrepid, sad, but unsubdued,
Pierc'd the deep woods, and, hailing from afar
The moon's pale planet and the northern star,
Paus'd at each dreary cry, unheard before,
Hyænas in the wild, and Mermaids on the shore;
Till, led by thee o'er many a cliff sublime,
He found a warmer world, a milder clime,
A home to rest, a shelter to defend,
Peace and repose; a Briton and a friend! ²

Congenial Hope! thy passion-kindling power
How bright, how strong in youth's untroubled
hour!

On yon proud height, with genius hand in hand,
I see thee light, and wave thy golden wand!

“Go, Child of Heaven! (thy winged words
proclaim)

'Tis thine to search the boundless fields of fame!
Lo! Newton, Priest of Nature, shines afar!
Scans the wide world, and numbers ev'ry star!
Wilt thou, with him, mysterious rites apply,
And watch the shrine with wonder-beaming eye?
Yes, thou shalt mark, with magic art profound,
The speed of light, the circling march of sound;
With Franklin grasp the lightning's fiery wing,
Or yield the lyre of Heav'n another string.³

“The Swedish sage admires, in yonder bow'rs,⁴
His winged insects, and his rosy flow'rs;
Calls from their woodland haunts the savage train
With sounding horn, and counts them on the plain—
So once, at Heav'n's command, the wand'ers came
To Eden's shade, and heard their various name.

“Far from the world, in yon sequester'd clime,
Slow pass the sons of Wisdom, more sublime;
Calm as the fields of Heav'n, his sapient eye
The lov'd Athenian lifts to realms on high;
Admiring Plato on his spotless page,
Stamps the bright dictates of the Father Sage—
'Shall Nature bound to Earth's diurnal span
The fire of God, th' immortal soul of man?"

“Turn, Child of Heav'n, thy rapture-lighten'd eye
To Wisdom's walks; the sacred Nine are nigh!

Hark! from bright spires that gild the Delphian
From streams that wander in eternal light, [height,
Rang'd on their hill, Harmonia's daughters swell
The mingling tones of horn, and harp, and shell!
Deep from his vaults the Loxian murmurs flow, &
And Pythia's awful organ peals below!

“ Belov'd of Heav'n! the smiling muse shall shed
Her moonlight halo on thy beauteous head!
Shall swell thy heart to rapture unconfin'd,
And breathe a holy madness o'er thy mind!
I see thee roam her guardian pow'r beneath,
And talk with spirits on the midnight heath;
Inquire of guilty wand'ers whence they came,
And ask each blood-stain'd form his earthly name;
Then weave in rapid verse the deeds they tell,
And read the trembling world the tales of hell.

“ When Venus, thron'd in clouds of rosy hue,
Flings from her golden urn the vesper dew,
And bids fond man her glimm'ring noon employ,
Sacred to love and walks of tender joy,
A milder mood the Goddess shall recall,
And soft as dew thy tones of music fall;
While Beauty's deeply pictur'd smiles impart
A pang more dear than pleasure to the heart—
Warm as thy sighs shall flow the Lesbian strain,
And plead in Beauty's ear, nor plead in vain.

“ Or wilt thou Orphean hymns more sacred deem,
And steep thy song in Mercy's mellow stream;
To pensive drops the radiant eye beguile—
For Beauty's tears are lovelier than her smile—
On Nature's throbbing anguish pour relief,
And teach impassion'd souls the Joy of Grief!

“ Yes! to thy tongue shall seraph words be giv’n,
And pow’r on earth to plead the cause of Heav’n;
The proud, the cold untroubled heart of stone,
That never mus’d on sorrow but its own,
Unlocks a gen’rous store at thy command,
Like Horeb’s rocks beneath the Prophet’s hand.⁶
The living lumber of his kindred earth,
Charm’d into soul, receives a second birth;
Feels thy dread pow’r another heart afford,
Whose passion-touch’d harmonious strings accord
True as the circling spheres to Nature’s plan;
And man, the brother, lives the friend of man!

“ Bright as the pillar rose at Heav’n’s command,
When Israel march’d along the desert land,
Blaz’d through the night on lonely wilds afar,
And told the path—a never-setting star,
So, heav’nly Genius! in thy course divine,
Hope is thy star, her light is ever thine.”

Propitious Pow’r! when rankling cares annoy
The sacred home of Hymenean joy;
When, doom’d to Poverty’s sequester’d dell,
The wedded pair of love and virtue dwell
Unpitied by the world, unknown to fame,
Their woes, their wishes, and their hearts the same—
Oh! there, prophetic Hope! thy smile bestow,
And chase the pangs that worth should never know!—
There, as the parent deals his scanty store
To friendless babes, and weeps to give no more,
Tell, that his manly race shall yet assuage
Their father’s wrongs, and shield his later age!
What though for him no Hybla sweets distill,
Nor bloomy vines wave purple on the hill,

Tell, that when silent years have pass'd away,
That when his eyes grow dim, his tresses gray,
These busy hands a lovelier cot shall build,
And deck with fairer flow'rs his little field,
And call from Heav'n propitious dew to breathe
Arcadian beauty on the barren heath;
Tell, that while Love's spontaneous smile endears
The days of peace, the sabbath of his years,
Health shall prolong to many a festive hour
The social pleasures of his humble bow'r.

Lo! at the couch where infant beauty sleeps,
Her silent watch the mournful mother keeps;
She, while the lovely babe unconscious lies,
Smiles on her slumb'ring child with pensive eyes,
And weaves a song of melancholy joy—
“ Sleep, image of thy father; sleep, my boy:
No ling'ring hour of sorrow shall be thine;
No sigh that rends thy father's heart and mine.
Bright as his manly sire, the son shall be
In form and soul; but, ah! more blest than he!
Thy fame, thy worth, thy filial love, at last,
Shall sooth this aching heart for all the past—
With many a smile my solitude repay,
And chase the world's ungen'rous scorn away.

“ And say, when summon'd from the world and
I lay my head beneath the willow tree, [thee,
Wilt *thou*, sweet mourner! at my stone appear,
And sooth my parted spirit ling'ring near?
Oh! wilt thou come, at ev'ning hour, to shed
The tears of Mem'ry o'er my narrow bed;
With aching temples on thy hand reclin'd,
Muse on the last farewell I leave behind;

Breathe a deep sigh to winds that murmur low,
And think on all my love, and all my woe!"

So speaks Affection, ere the infant eye
Can look regard, or brighten in reply:
But when the cherub lip hath learnt to claim
A mother's ear by that endearing name;
Soon as the playful innocent can prove
A tear of pity, or a smile of love;
Or cons his murm'ring task beneath her care,
Or lisps with holy look his ev'ning pray'r;
Or gazing, mutely pensive, sits to hear
The mournful ballad warbled in his ear;
How fondly looks admiring Hope the while
At ev'ry artless tear, and ev'ry smile!
How glows the joyous parent to descry
A guileless bosom, true to sympathy!

Where is the troubled heart, consign'd to share
Tumultuous toils, or solitary care,
Unblest by visionary thoughts that stray
To count the joys of Fortune's better day!
Lo! nature, life, and liberty relume
The dim-ey'd tenant of the dungeon gloom;
A long lost friend, or hapless child restor'd,
Smile at his blazing hearth and social board;
Warm from his heart the tears of rapture flow,
And virtue triumphs o'er remember'd woe.

Chide not his peace, proud Reason! nor destroy
The shadowy forms of uncreated joy,
That urge the ling'ring tide of life, and pour
Spontaneous slumber on his midnight hour.

Hark! the wild maniac sings, to chide the gale
That wafts so slow her lover's distant sail;

She, sad spectatress, on the wint'ry shore
Watch'd the rude surge his shroudless corse that
bore;

Knew the pale form, and, shrieking in amaze,
Clasp'd her cold hands, and fix'd her madd'ning
gaze:

Poor widow'd wretch! 'twas there she wept in vain
Till mem'ry fled her agonizing brain—

But Mercy gave, to charm the sense of woe,
Ideal peace that Truth could ne'er bestow;
Warm on her heart the joys of Fancy beam,
And aimless Hope delights her darkest dream.

Oft when yon moon has climb'd the midnight
sky,

And the lone sea-bird wakes its wildest cry,
Pil'd on the steep, her blazing faggots burn
To hail the bark that never can return;
And still she waits, but scarce forbears to weep
That constant love can linger on the deep.

And, mark the wretch, whose wand'ring never
knew

The world's regard, that sooths, though half untrue;
Whose erring heart the lash of sorrow bore,
But found not pity when it err'd no more:
Yon friendless man, at whose dejected eye
Th' unfeeling proud one looks—and passes by;
Condemn'd on Pen'ry's barren path to roam,
Scorn'd by the world, and left without a home—
Ev'n he, at ev'ning, should he chance to stray
Down by the hamlet's hawthorn-scented way,
Where, round the cot's romantic glade are seen
The blossom'd bean-field, and the sloping green,

Leans o'er its humble gate, and thinks the while—
Oh! that for me some home like this would smile,
Some hamlet shade to yield my sickly form
Health in the breeze, and shelter in the storm!
There should my hand no stinted boon assign
To wretched hearts with sorrows such as mine!—
That gen'rous wish can sooth unpitied care,
And Hope half mingles with the poor man's pray'r.

Hope! when I mourn, with sympathizing mind,
The wrongs of fate, the woes of human kind,
Thy blissful omens bid my spirit see
The boundless fields of rapture yet to be;
I watch the wheels of Nature's mazy plan,
And learn the future by the past of man.

Come, bright Improvement! on the car of Time,
And rule the spacious world from clime to clime;
Thy handmaid arts shall ev'ry wild explore,
Trace ev'ry wave, and culture ev'ry shore.
On Erie's banks where tigers steal along,
And the dread Indian chants a dismal song,
Where human fiends on midnight errands walk,
And bathe in brains the murd'rous tomahawk,
There shall the flocks on thymy pasture stray,
And shepherds dance at Summer's op'ning day;
Each wand'ring genius of the lonely glen
Shall start to view the glitt'ring haunts of men;
And silence watch, on woodland heights around,
The village curfew as it tolls profound.

In Lybian groves, where damned rites are done,
That bathe the rocks in blood, and veil the Sun,
Truth shall arrest the murd'rous arm profane,
Wild Obi flies 7—the veil is rent in twain.

Where barb'rous hordes on Scythian mountains
roam,

Truth, Mercy, Freedom yet shall find a home;
Where'er degraded Nature bleeds and pines,
From Guinea's coast to Sibir's dreary mines,⁸
Truth shall pervade th' unfathom'd darkness there,
And light the dreadful features of despair—
Hark! the stern captive spurns his heavy load,
And asks the image back that Heav'n bestow'd!
Fierce in his eye the fire of valour burns,
And, as the slave departs, the man returns!

Oh! sacred Truth! thy triumph ceas'd a while,
And Hope, thy sister, ceas'd with thee to smile,
When leagu'd Oppression pour'd to Northern wars
Her whisker'd pandoors and her fierce hussars,
Wav'd her dread standard to the breeze of morn,
Peal'd her loud drum, and twang'd her trumpet
horn;

Tumultuous horror brooded o'er her van,
Presaging wrath to Poland—and to Man! ⁹

Warsaw's last champion, from her height survey'd,
Wide o'er the fields, a waste of ruin laid—
Oh! Heav'n! he cried, my bleeding country save!—
Is there no hand on high to shield the brave?
Yet, though destruction sweep these lovely plains,
Rise, fellow-men! Our Country yet remains!
By that dread name we wave the sword on high,
And swear for her to live!—with her to die!

He said, and on the rampart-heights array'd
His trusty warriors, few, but undismay'd,
Firm-pac'd and slow, a horrid front they form,
Still as the breeze, but dreadful as the storm;

Low, murm'ring sounds along their banners fly—
Revenge, or death!—the watchword and reply.
Then peal'd the notes, omnipotent to charm,
And the loud tocsin toll'd their last alarm!—

In vain, alas! in vain, ye gallant few!
From rank to rank your volley'd thunder flew—
Oh! bloodied picture in the book of Time!
Sarmatia fell, unwept, without a crime!
Found not a gen'rous friend, a pitying foe,
Strength in her arms, nor mercy in her woe!
Dropp'd from her nerveless grasp the shatter'd spear,
Clos'd her bright eye, and curb'd her high career—
Hope, for a season, bade the world farewell,
And Freedom shriek'd—as Kosciusko fell!

The sun went down, nor ceas'd the carnage there,
Tumultuous murder shook the midnight air—
On Prague's proud arch the fires of ruin glow,
His blood-dy'd waters murm'ring far below;
The storm prevails, the rampart yields a way,
Bursts the wild cry of horror and dismay!
Hark! as the mould'ring piles with thunder fall,
A thousand shrieks for hopeless mercy call!
Earth shook—Red meteors flash'd along the sky,
And conscious Nature shudder'd at the cry!

Oh! Righteous Heav'n! ere Freedom found a
grave,
Why slept the sword, omnipotent to save!
Where was thine arm, O Vengeance! where thy
rod,
That smote the foes of Zion and of God,
That crush'd proud Ammon when his iron car
Was yok'd in wrath, and thunder'd from afar!

Where was the storm that slumber'd till the host
Of blood-stain'd Pharaoh left their trembling coast ;
Then bade the deep in wild commotion flow,
And heav'd an ocean on their march below !

Departed spirits of the mighty dead !
Ye that at Marathon and Leuctra bled !
Friends of the world ! restore your swords to man ;
Fight in his sacred cause, and lead the van !
Yet for Sarmatia's tears of blood atone,
And make her arm as puissant as your own !
Oh ! once again to Freedom's cause return
The patriot Tell—the Bruce of Bannockburn !

Yes ! thy proud lords, unpitied land ! shall see
That man hath yet a soul—and dare be free !
A little while along thy sadd'ning plains
The starless night of desolation reigns :
Truth shall restore the light by Nature giv'n,
And, like Prometheus, bring the fire of Heav'n !
Prone to the dust Oppression shall be hurl'd,
Her name, her nature, wither'd from the world !

Ye that the rising morn invidious mark,
And hate the light—because your deeds are dark ;
Ye that expanding truth invidious view,
And think, or wish the song of Hope untrue,
Perhaps your little hands presume to span
The march of Genius, and the pow'rs of Man ;
Perhaps ye watch, at Pride's unhallow'd shrine,
Her victims, newly slain, and thus divine—
“ Here shall thy triumph, Genius, cease, and here,
Truth, Science, Virtue, close your short career.”

Tyrants ! in vain ye trace the wizard ring ;
In vain ye limit Mind's unwearied spring :

What! can ye lull the winged winds asleep
Arrest the rolling world, or chain the deep!
No—the wild wave contemns your scepter'd hand—
It roll'd not back when Canute gave command!

Man! can thy doom no brighter soul allow?
Still must thou live a blot on Nature's brow?
Shall War's polluted banner ne'er be furl'd?
Shall crimes and tyrants cease but with the world?
What! are thy triumphs, sacred Truth! belied?
Why then hath Plato liv'd—or Sydney died?

Ye fond adorers of departed fame,
Who warm at Scipio's worth, or Tully's name!
Ye that, in fancied vision, can admire
The sword of Brutus, and the Theban lyre!
Wrapt in historic ardour, who adore
Each classic haunt, and well-remember'd shore,
Where Valour tun'd, amid her chosen throng,
The Thracian trumpet and the Spartan song;
Or, wand'ring thence, behold the later charms
Of England's glory, and Helvetia's arms!
See Roman fire in Hampden's bosom swell!
And fate and freedom in the shaft of Tell!
Say, ye fond zealots to the worth of yore,
Hath Valour left the world—to live no more?
No more shall Brutus bid a tyrant die,
And sternly smile with vengeance in his eye?
Hampden no more, when suff'ring Freedom calls,
Encounter fate, and triumph as he falls?
Nor Tell disclose, through peril and alarm,
The might that slumbers in a peasant's arm?

Yes! in that gen'rous cause for ever strong,
The patriot's virtue, and the poet's song,

Still, as the tide of ages rolls away,
Shall charm the world, unconscious of decay!

Yes! there are hearts, prophetic Hope may trust,
That slumber yet in uncreated dust,
Ordain'd to fire th' adoring sons of earth
With every charm of wisdom and of worth;
Ordain'd to light, with intellectual day,
The mazy wheels of Nature as they play,
Or, warm with Fancy's energy to glow,
And rival all but Shakespeare's name below!

And say, supernal Pow'rs! who deeply scan
Heav'n's dark decrees, unfathom'd yet by man,
When shall the world call down, to cleanse her
shame,

That embryo spirit, yet without a name—
That friend of Nature, whose avenging hands
Shall burst the Libyan's adamantine bands?
Who, sternly marking on his native soil,
The blood, the tears, the anguish, and the toil,
Shall bid each righteous heart exult to see
Peace to the slave, and vengeance to the free!

Yet, yet, degraded men! th' expected day
That breaks your bitter cup is far away;
Trade, wealth, and fashion ask you still to bleed,
And holy men give scripture for the deed;
Scourg'd and debas'd, no Briton stoops to save
A wretch, a coward; yes, because a slave!

Eternal Nature! when thy giant hand
Had heav'd the floods, and fix'd the trembling
land

When life sprung startling at thy plastic call,
Endless her forms, and Man, the lord of all—

Say, was that lordly form inspir'd by thee
To wear eternal chains, and bow the knee?
Was man ordain'd the slave of man to toil
Yok'd with the brutes, and fetter'd to the soil,
Weigh'd in a tyrant's balance with his gold?
No—Nature stamp'd us in a heav'nly mould!
She bade no wretch his thankless labour urge,
Nor, trembling, take the pittance and the scourge!
No homeless Libyan, on the stormy deep,
To call upon his country's name, and weep!

Lo! once in triumph on his boundless plain
The quiver'd chief of Congo lov'd to reign;
With fires proportion'd to his native sky,
Strength in his arm, and lightning in his eye;
Scour'd with wild feet his sun-illumin'd zone,
The spear, the lion, and the woods his own;
Or led the combat, bold without a plan,
An artless savage, but a fearless man!

The plund'rer came—alas! no glory smiles
For Congo's chief on yonder Indian isles;
For ever fallen! No son of Nature now,
With Freedom charter'd on his manly brow!
Faint, bleeding, bound, he weeps the night away,
And, when the sea-wind wafts the dewless day,
Starts, with a bursting heart, for ever more
To curse the sun that lights their guilty shore.

The shrill horn blew! ¹⁰ At that alarum knell
His guardian angel took a last farewell!
That fun'ral dirge to darkness hath resign'd
The fiery grandeur of a gen'rous mind!—
Poor fetter'd man! I hear thee whisp'ring low
Unhallow'd vows to Guilt, the child of Woe!

Friendless thy heart! and, canst thou harbour there
A wish but death—a passion but despair?

The widow'd Indian, when her lord expires,
Mounts the dread pile, and braves the fun'ral fires;
So falls the heart at Thraldom's bitter sigh!
So Virtue dies, the spouse of Liberty!

But not to Libya's barren climes alone,
To Chili, or the wild Siberian zone,
Belong the wretched heart and haggard eye,
Degraded worth, and poor misfortune's sigh!—
Ye orient realms where Ganges' waters run!
Prolific fields! dominions of the Sun!
How long your tribes have trembled, and obey'd!
How long was Timur's iron sceptre sway'd! ¹¹
Whose marshall'd hosts, the lions of the plain,
From Scythia's northern mountains to the main,
Rag'd o'er your plunder'd shrines and altars bare
With blazing torch and gory scymitar!—
Stunn'd with the cries of death each gentle gale,
And bath'd in blood the verdure of the vale!
Yet could no pangs th' immortal spirit tame,
When Brama's children perish'd for his name;
The martyrs smil'd beneath avenging pow'r,
And brav'd the tyrant in his tort'ring hour!

When Europe sought your subject realms to gain,
And stretch'd her giant sceptre o'er the main;
Taught her proud barks their winding way to shape,
And brav'd the stormy spirit of the Cape; ¹²
Children of Brama! then was mercy nigh
To wash the stain of blood's eternal dye!
Did Peace descend to triumph and to save
When free born Britons cross'd the Indian wave?

Ah! no—to more than Rome's ambition true,
The Nurse of Freedom gave it not to you!
She the bold route of Europe's guilt began,
And in the march of nations led the van!

Rich in the gems of India's gaudy zone,
And plunder pil'd from kingdoms not their own,
Degen'rate Trade! thy minions could despise
The heart-born anguish of a thousand cries;
Could lock, with impious hands, their teeming store,
While famish'd nations died along the shore;¹³
Could mock the groans of fellow-men, and bear
The curse of kingdoms peopled with despair;
Could stamp disgrace on man's polluted name,
And barter, with their gold, eternal shame!

But, hark! as bow'd to earth the Bramin kneels,
From heav'nly climes propitious thunder peals!
Of India's fate her guardian spirits tell:
Prophetic murmurs, breathing on the shell,
And solemn sounds that awe the list'ning mind,
Roll on the azure paths of ev'ry wind.

“ Foes of mankind! (her guardian spirits say)
Revolving ages bring the bitter day
When Heav'n's unerring arm shall fall on you,
And blood for blood these Indian plains bedew.
Nine times have Brama's wheels of lightning hurl'd
His awful presence o'er th' alarmed world;¹⁴
Nine times hath Guilt, through all his giant frame,
Convulsive trembled as the Mighty came;
Nine times hath suff'ring Mercy spar'd in vain—
But Heav'n shall burst her starry gates again!
He comes!—Dread Brama shakes the sunless sky
With murm'ring wrath, and thunders from on high!

Heav'n's fiery horse, beneath his warrior form,
Paws the light clouds, and gallops on the storm!
Wide waves his flick'ring sword; his bright arms glow
Like summer suns, and light the world below!
Earth, and her trembling isles in Ocean's bed
Are shook, and Nature rocks beneath his tread!

To pour redress on India's injur'd realm,
Th' oppressor to dethrone, the proud to whelm;
To chase destruction from her plunder'd shore,
With arts and arms that triumph'd once before,
The tenth Avatar comes! At Heav'n's command
Shall Seriswattee wave her hallow'd wand!
And Camdeo bright, and Ganesa sublime,¹⁵
Shall bless with joy their own propitious clime!—
Come, Heav'nly Pow'rs! primeval peace restore!
Love!—Mercy!—Wisdom!—rule for ever more!”

NOTES ON THE FIRST PART.

^r AND such thy strength-inspiring aid that bore
The hardy Byron to his native shore.

The following picture of his own distress, given by Byron in his simple and interesting narrative, justifies the description in p. 10. After relating the barbarity of the Indian Cacique to his child, he proceeds thus—"A day or two after, we put to sea again, and crossed the great bay I mentioned we had been at the bottom of, when we first hauled away to the westward. The land here was very low and sandy, and something like the mouth of a river which discharged itself into the sea, and which had been taken no notice of by us before, as it was so shallow that the Indians were obliged to take every thing out of their canoes, and carry it over land. We rowed up the river four or five leagues, and then took into a branch of it that ran first to the eastward and then to the northward : here it became much narrower, and the stream excessively rapid, so that we gained but little way, though we wrought very hard. At night we landed upon its banks, and had a most uncomfortable lodging, it being a perfect swamp ; and we had nothing to cover us, though it rained excessively. The Indians were little better off than we, as there was no wood here to make their wigwams ; so that all they could do was to prop up the bark, which they carry in the bottom of their canoes, and shelter themselves as well as they could to the leeward of it. Knowing the difficulties they had to encounter here, they had provided themselves with some seal ; but we had not a morsel to eat, after the heavy fatigues of the day, excepting a sort of root we saw the Indians make use of, which was very disagreeable to the taste. We laboured all next day against the stream, and fared as we had done the day before. The

next day brought us to the carrying place. Here was plenty of wood, but nothing to be got for sustenance. We passed this night, as we had frequently done, under a tree ; but what we suffered at this time is not easy to be expressed. I had been three days at the oar without any kind of nourishment except the wretched root above mentioned. I had no shirt, for it had rotted off by bits. All my clothes consisted of a short grieko (something like a bear-skin), a piece of red cloth which had once been a waiscoat, and a ragged pair of trowsers, without shoes or stockings."

² A Briton and a friend !

Don Patricio Gedd, a Scotch physician in one of the Spanish settlements, hospitably relieved Byron and his wretched associates, of which the Commodore speaks in the warmest terms of gratitude.

³ Or yield the lyre of Heav'n another string.

The seven strings of Apollo's harp were the symbolical representation of the seven planets. Herschel, by discovering an eighth, might be said to add another string to the instrument.

⁴ The Swedish sage. LINNÆUS.

⁵ Deep from his vaults the Loxian murmurs flow.

Loxias is a name frequently given to Apollo by Greek writers : it is met with more than once in the *Chœphoræ* of *Æschylus*.

⁶ Unlocks a gen'rous store at thy command,
Like Horeb's rocks beneath the Prophet's hand.

See Exodus, chap. XVII, 3, 5, 6.

⁷ Wild Obi flies.

Among the negroes of the West Indies, Obi, or Obiah,

is the name of a magical power which is believed by them to affect the object of its malignity with dismal calamities. Such a belief must undoubtedly have been deduced from the superstitious mythology of their kinsmen on the coast of Africa. I have therefore personified Obi as the evil spirit of the African, although the history of the African tribes mentions the evil spirits of their religious creed by a different appellation.

⁸ Sibir's dreary mines.

Mr. Bell of Antermoney, in his Travels through Siberia, informs us that the name of the country universally is pronounced Sibir by the Russians.

⁹ Presaging wrath to Poland—and to Man!

The history of the partition of Poland, of the massacre in the suburbs of Warsaw, and on the bridge of Prague, the triumphant entry of Suwarow into the Polish capital, and the insult offered to human nature, by the blasphemous thanks offered up to Heaven, for victories obtained over men fighting in the sacred cause of liberty by murderers and oppressors, are events generally known.

¹⁰ The shrill horn blew!

The negroes in the West Indies are summoned to their morning work by a shell or a horn.

¹¹ How long was Timur's iron sceptre sway'd!

To elucidate this passage, I shall subjoin a quotation from the Preface to Letters from a Hindoo Rajah, a work of elegance and celebrity.

"The impostor of Mecca had established, as one of the principles of his doctrine, the merit of extending it, either by persuasion, or the sword, to all parts of the earth. How steadily this injunction was adhered to by his followers, and with what success it was pursued, is

well known to all who are in the least conversant in history.

“The same overwhelming torrent, which had inundated the greater part of Africa, burst its way into the very heart of Europe, covered many kingdoms of Asia with unbounded desolation, and directed its baleful course to the flourishing provinces of Hindostan. Here these fierce and hardy adventurers, whose only improvement had been in the science of destruction, who added the fury of fanaticism to the ravages of war, found the great end of their conquests opposed by objects which neither the ardour of their persevering zeal, nor savage barbarity, could surmount. Multitudes were sacrificed by the cruel hand of religious persecution, and whole countries were deluged in blood, in the vain hope that by the destruction of a part the remainder might be persuaded, or terrified into the profession of Mahomedism: but all these sanguinary efforts were ineffectual; and at length, being fully convinced that, though they might extirpate, they could never hope to convert any number of the Hindoos, they relinquished the impracticable idea with which they had entered upon their career of conquest, and contented themselves with the acquirement of the civil dominion and almost universal empire of Hindostan.” Letters from a Hindoo Rajah, by Eliza Hamilton.

¹² And brav'd the stormy spirit of the Cape.

See the description of the Cape of Good Hope, translated from Camoens, by Mickle.

¹³ While famish'd nations died along the shore.

The following account of British conduct, and its consequences, in Bengal, will afford a sufficient idea of the fact alluded to in this passage. After describing the monopoly of salt, betel nut, and tobacco, the historian proceeds thus: “Money in this current came but by drops;

it could not quench the thirst of those who waited in India to receive it. An expedient, such as it was, remained to quicken its pace. The natives could live with little salt, but could not want food. Some of the agents saw themselves well situated for collecting the rice into stores; they did so. They knew the Gentoos would rather die than violate the principles of their religion by eating flesh. The alternative would therefore be between giving what they had, or dying. The inhabitants sunk—They that cultivated the land, and saw the harvest at the disposal of others, planted in doubt—Scarcity ensued. Then the monopoly was easier managed—Sickness ensued. In some districts the languid living left the bodies of their numerous dead unburied.” Short history of the English Transactions in the East Indies, p. 145.

¹⁴ Nine times have Brama's wheels of lightning
hurl'd

His awful presence o'er the prostrate world!

Among the sublime fictions of the Hindoo mythology it is one article of belief that the Deity Brama has descended nine times upon the world in various forms, and that he is yet to appear a tenth time in the figure of a warrior upon a white horse to cut off all incorrigible offenders. Avatar is the word used to express his descent.

¹⁵ And Camdeo bright, and Ganesa sublime.

Camdeo is the God of Love in the mythology of the Hindoos. Ganesa and Seriswattee correspond to the Pagan deities, Janus and Minerva.

ANALYSIS OF THE SECOND PART.

APOSTROPHE to the power of Love — Its intimate connection with generous and social Sensibility — Allusion to that beautiful passage in the beginning of the Book of Genesis, which represents the happiness of Paradise itself incomplete till Love was superadded to its other blessings — The dream of future felicity which a lively imagination is apt to cherish when Hope is animated by refined attachment — This disposition to combine, in one imaginary scene of residence, all that is pleasing in our estimate of happiness, compared to the skill of the great artist, who personified perfect beauty, in the picture of Venus, by an assemblage of the most beautiful features he could find—A summer and winter evening described, as they may be supposed to arise in the mind of one who wishes, with enthusiasm, for the union of friendship and retirement.

Hope and Imagination inseparable agents — Even in those contemplative moments when our imagination wanders beyond the boundaries of this world, our minds are not unattended with an impression that we shall some day have a wider and more distinct prospect of the universe, instead of the partial glimpse we now enjoy.

The last and most sublime influence of Hope is the concluding topic of the Poem—The predominance of a belief in a future state over the terrors attendant on dissolution — The baneful influence of that sceptical philosophy which bars us from such comforts — Allusion to the fate of a suicide — Episode of Conrad and Ellenore — Conclusion.

THE
PLEASURES OF HOPE.

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PART II.  
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IN joyous youth what soul hath never known
Thought, feeling, taste, harmonious to its own?
Who hath not paus'd, while Beauty's pensive eye
Ask'd from his heart the homage of a sigh?
Who hath not own'd, with rapture-smitten frame,
The pow'r of grace, the magic of a name?

There be, perhaps, who barren hearts avow,
Cold as the rocks on Torneo's hoary brow;
There be, whose loveless wisdom never fail'd,
In self adoring pride securely mail'd—
But, triumph not, ye peace-enamour'd few!
Fire, Nature, Genius, never dwelt with you!
For you no fancy consecrates the scene
Where rapture utter'd vows, and wept between;
'Tis yours, unmov'd, to sever and to meet—
No pledge is sacred, and no home is sweet!

Who that would ask a heart, to dulness wed,
The waveless calm, the slumber of the dead?
No—the wild bliss of Nature needs alloy,
And fear and sorrow fan the fire of joy!
And say, without our hopes, without our fears,
Without the home that plighted love endears,
Without the smile from partial beauty won,
Oh! what were man!—a world without a sun!

Till Hymen brought his love-delighted hour
There dwelt no joy in Eden's rosy bow'r!

In vain the viewless Seraph, ling'ring there,
At starry midnight charm'd the silent air;
In vain the wild-bird carol'd on the steep
To hail the sun slow-wheeling from the deep;
In vain, to sooth the solitary shade,
Aerial notes in mingling measure play'd
The summer wind that shook the spangled tree,
The whisp'ring wave, the murmur of the bee—
Still slowly pass'd the melancholy day,
And still the stranger wist not where to stray—
The world was sad!—the garden was a wild!
And Man, the hermit, sigh'd—till Woman smil'd!

True, the sad power to gen'rous hearts may bring
Delirious anguish on his fiery wing:
Barr'd from delight by Fate's untimely hand,
By wealthless lot, or pitiless command;
Or doom'd to gaze on beauties that adorn
The smile of triumph, or the frown of scorn;
While Mem'ry watches o'er the sad review
Of joys that faded like the morning dew;
Peace may depart—and life and nature seem
A barren path—a wildness, and a dream!

But, can the noble mind for ever brood,
The willing victim of a weary mood,
On heartless cares that squander life away,
And cloud young Genius bright'ning into day!—
Shame to the coward thought that e'er betray'd
The noon of manhood to a myrtle shade!—
If Hope's creative spirit cannot raise
One trophy sacred to thy future days,
Scorn the dull crowd that haunt the gloomy shrine
Of hopeless love to murmur and repine!

But, should a sigh of milder mood express
Thy heart-warm wishes, true to happiness,
Should Heav'n's fair harbinger delight to pour
Her blissful visions on thy pensive hour,
No tear to blot thy mem'ry's pictur'd page,
No fears but such as fancy can assuage,
Though thy wild heart some hapless hour may miss
The peaceful tenor of unvaried bliss
(For love pursues an ever devious race
True to the winding lineaments of grace),
Yet still may Hope her talisman employ
To snatch from Heav'n anticipated joy,
And all her kindred energies impart
That burn the brightest in the purest heart!

When first the Rhodian's mimic art array'd
The queen of Beauty in her Cyprian shade,
The happy master mingled on his piece
Each look that charm'd him in the Fair of Greece;
To faultless nature true he stole a grace
From ev'ry finer form and sweeter face;
And, as he sojourn'd on th' Ægean isles,
Woo'd all their love, and treasur'd all their smiles;
Then glow'd the tints, pure, precious, and refin'd,
And mortal charms seem'd heav'nly when combin'd!
Love on the picture smil'd! Expression pour'd
Her mingling spirit there—and Greece ador'd!

So thy fair hand, enamour'd Fancy! gleans
The treasur'd pictures of a thousand scenes;
Thy pencil traces on the Lover's thought
Some cottage-home, from towns and toil remote,
Where Love and Lore may claim alternate hours
With Peace embosom'd in Idalian bow'rs!

Remote from busy Life's bewilder'd way,
 O'er all his heart shall Taste and Beauty sway!
 Free on the sunny slope, or winding shore,
 With hermit steps to wander and adore!
 There shall he love, when genial Morn appears
 Like pensive Beauty smiling in her tears,
 To watch the bright'ning roses of the sky,
 And muse on Nature with a poet's eye!—
 And when the Sun's last splendour lights the deep,
 The woods, and waves, and murm'ring winds asleep,
 When fairy harps th' Hesperian planet hail,
 And the lone Cuckoo sighs along the vale,
 His path shall be where streamy mountains swell
 Their shadowy grandeur o'er the narrow dell,
 Where mould'ring piles and forests intervene,
 Mingling with darker tints the living green,
 No circling hills his ravish'd eye to bound,
 Heaven, Earth, and Ocean, blazing all around!

The Moon is up—The watch-tow'r dimly burns,
 And down the vale his sober step returns;
 But pauses oft, as winding rocks convey
 The still sweet fall of Music far away;
 And oft he lingers from his home a while
 To watch the dying notes!—and start, and smile!

Let Winter come! let polar spirits sweep
 The dark'ning world, and tempest-troubled deep!
 Though boundless snows the wither'd heath deform,
 And the dim Sun scarce wanders through the storm,
 Yet shall the smile of social love repay
 With mental light the melancholy day!
 And, when its short and sullen noon is o'er,
 The ice-chain'd waters slumb'ring on the shore,

How bright the faggots in his little hall
Blaze on the hearth, and warm the pictur'd wall!

How blest he names, in Love's familiar tone,
The kind fair friend by Nature mark'd his own!
And, in the waveless mirror of his mind,
Views the fleet years of pleasure left behind,
Since Anna's empire o'er his heart began—
Since first he call'd her his before the holy man!

Trim the gay taper in his rustic dome,
And light the wint'ry paradise of home;
And let the half-uncurtain'd window hail
Some way-worn man benighted in the vale!
Now, while the moaning night-wind rages high,
As sweep the shot-stars down the troubled sky,
While fiery hosts in Heav'n's wide circle play,
And bathe in livid light the milky way,
Safe from the storm, the meteor, and the shower,
Some pleasing page shall charm the solemn hour;
With pathos shall command, with wit beguile,
A gen'rous tear of anguish, or a smile—
Thy woes, Arion! and thy simple tale,²
O'er all the heart shall triumph and prevail!
Charm'd as they read the verse, too sadly true!
How gallant Albert, and his weary crew,
Heav'd all their guns, their found'ring bark to save,
And toil'd—and shriek'd—and perish'd on the wave!

Yes, at the dead of night, by Lonna's steep,
The seaman's cry was heard along the deep;
There, on his fun'ral waters, dark and wild,
The dying father blest his darling child!
Oh! Mercy, shield her innocence, he cried,
Spent on the pray'r his bursting heart, and died!

Or will they learn how gen'rous worth sublimed
The robber Moor ³, and pleads for all his crimes?
How poor Amelia kiss'd, with many a tear,
His hand blood-stain'd, but ever, ever dear!
Hung on the tortur'd bosom of her lord,
And wept, and pray'd perdition from his sword!
Nor sought in vain! at that heart-piercing cry
The strings of nature crack'd with agony!
He, with delirious laugh, the dagger hurl'd,
And burst the ties that bound him to the world!

Turn from his dying words, that smite with steel,
The shudd'ring thoughts, or wind them on the
Turn to the gentler melodies that suit [wheel—
Thalia's harp, or Pan's Arcadian lute;
Or, down the stream of Truth's historic page,
From clime to clime descend, from age to age!

Yet there, perhaps, may darker scenes obtrude
Than Fancy fashions in her wildest mood;
There shall he pause, with horrent brow, to rate
What millions died—that Cæsar might be great! ⁴
Or learn the fate that bleeding thousands bore, ⁵
March'd by their Charles to Dneiper's swampy shore;
Faint in his wounds, and shiv'ring in the blast,
The Swedish soldier sunk—and groan'd his last!
File after file the stormy show'rs benumb,
Freeze ev'ry standard-sheet, and hush the drum!
Horsemen and horse confess'd the bitter pang,
And arms and warriors fell with hollow clang!
Yet, ere he sunk in Nature's last repose,
Ere life's warm torrent to the fountain froze,
The dying man to Sweden turn'd his eye,
Thought of his home, and clos'd it with a sigh!

Imperial Pride look'd sullen on his plight,
And Charles beheld—nor shudder'd at the sight!

Above, below, in Ocean, Earth, and Sky,
Thy fairy worlds, Imagination! lie,
And Hope attends, companion of the way,
Thy dream by night, thy visions of the day!
In yonder pensile orb, and ev'ry sphere
That gems the starry girdle of the year;
In those unmeasur'd worlds, she bids thee tell,
Pure from their God, created millions dwell,
Whose names and natures, unreveal'd below,
We yet shall learn, and wonder as we know;
For, as Iona's Saint, a giant form, ⁶
Thron'd on her tow'rs, conversing with the storm
(When o'er each runic altar, weed-entwin'd,
The vesper clock tolls mournful to the wind)
Counts ev'ry wave-worn isle, and mountain hoar,
From Kilda to the green Ierne's shore,
So, when thy pure and renovated mind
This perishable dust hath left behind,
Thy seraph eye shall count the starry train
Like distant isles embosom'd in the main,
Rapt to the Shrine where motion first began,
And light and life in mingling torrent ran,
From whence each bright rotundity was hurl'd,
The Throne of God!—the centre of the world!

Oh! vainly wise, the moral Muse hath sung
That suasive Hope hath but a Siren tongue!
True, she may sport with life's untutor'd day,
Nor heed the solace of its last decay,
The guileless heart her happy mansion spurn,
And part, like Ajut—never to return! ⁷

But yet, methinks, when Wisdom shall assuage
The griefs and passions of our greener age,
Though dull the close of life, and far away
Each flow'r that hail'd the dawning of the day;
Yet o'er her lovely hopes that once were dear,
The time-taught spirit, pensive, not severe,
With milder griefs her aged eye shall fill,
And weep their falsehood, though she love them still!

Thus, with forgiving tears, and reconcil'd,
The king of Judah mourn'd his rebel child!
Musing on days, when yet the guiltless boy
Smil'd on his Sire, and fill'd his heart with joy!
My Absalom! (the voice of Nature cried)
Oh! that for thee thy father could have died!
For bloody was the deed, and rashly done,
That slew my Absalom!—my son!—my son!

Unfading Hope! when life's last embers burn,
When soul to soul, and dust to dust return,
Heav'n to thy charge resigns the awful hour!
Oh! then, thy kingdom comes! immortal Power!
What though each spark of earth-born rapture fly
The quiv'ring lip, pale cheek, and closing eye!
Bright to the soul thy seraph hands convey
The morning dream of life's eternal day—
Then, then, the triumph and the trance begin!
And all the Phoenix spirit burns within!

Oh! deep-enchanting prelude to repose,
The dawn of bliss, the twilight of our woes!
Yet half I hear the parting spirit sigh,
“It is a dread and awful thing to die!”
Mysterious worlds, untravell'd by the sun,
Where Time's far-wand'ring tide has never run,

From your unfathom'd shades, and viewless spheres,
A warning comes, unheard by other ears!

'Tis Heav'n's commanding trumpet, long and loud,
Like Sinai's thunder pealing from the cloud!

While Nature hears, with terror-mingled trust,
The shock that hurls her fabric to the dust;

And, like the trembling Hebrew, when he trod
The roaring waves, and call'd upon his God,

With mortal terrors clouds immortal bliss,
And shrieks, and hovers o'er the dark abyss!

Daughter of Faith! awake, arise, illumine
The dread unknown, the chaos of the tomb!

Melt, and dispel, ye spectre-doubts that roll
Cimmerian darkness on the parting soul!

Fly, like the moon-ey'd herald of dismay,
Chas'd on his night-steed by the star of day!

The strife is o'er—the pangs of Nature close,
And life's last rapture triumphs o'er her woes!

Hark! as the spirit eyes, with eagle gaze,
The noon of Heav'n undazzled by the blaze,

On Heav'nly winds that waft her to the sky
Float the sweet tones of star-born melody,

Wild as that hallow'd anthem sent to hail
Bethlehem's shepherds in the lonely vale,

When Jordan hush'd his waves, and midnight still
Watch'd on the holy tow'rs of Zion hill!

Soul of the just! companion of the dead!
Where is thy home! and whither art thou fled?

Back to its heav'nly source thy Being goes,
Swift as the comet wheels to whence he rose;

Doom'd on his airy path a while to burn,
And doom'd, like thee, to travel, and return—

Hark ! from the world's exploding centre driv'n,
With sounds that shook the firmament of Heav'n,
Careers the fiery giant, fast and far,
On bick'ring wheels, and adamantine Car !
From planet whirl'd to planet more remote,
He visits realms beyond the reach of thought ;
But, wheeling homeward, when his course is run,
Curbs the red yoke, and mingles with the Sun !
So hath the traveller of earth unfurl'd
Her trembling wings, emerging from the world ;
And o'er the path, by mortal never trod,
Sprung to her source, the bosom of her God !

Oh ! lives there, Heav'n ! beneath thy dread expanse,
One hopeless, dark Idolater of Chance,
Content to feed, with pleasures unrefin'd,
The lukewarm passions of a lowly mind ;
Who, mould'ring earthward, 'rest of every trust,
In joyless union wedded to the dust,
Could all his parting energy dismiss,
And call this barren world sufficient bliss !—
There live, alas ! of Heav'n-directed mien,
Of cultur'd soul, and sapient eye serene,
Who hail thee, Man ! the pilgrim of a day,
Spouse of the worm, and brother of the clay !
Frail as the leaf in Autumn's yellow bower,
Dust in the wind, or dew upon the flower !
A friendless slave, a child without a sire,
Whose mortal life, and momentary fire,
Light to the grave his chance-created form,
As ocean-wrecks illuminate the storm ;
And, when the gun's tremendous flash is o'er,
To Night and Silence sink for ever more !—

Are these the pompous tidings ye proclaim,
Lights of the world, and demi-gods of Fame?
Is this your triumph!—this your proud applause?
Children of Truth, and Champions of her cause!
For this hath Science search'd, on weary wing,
By shore and sea—each mute and living thing!
Launch'd with Iberia's pilot from the steep,
To worlds unknown, and isles beyond the deep?
Or round the cope her living chariot driv'n,
And wheel'd in triumph through the signs of Heav'n!
Oh! star-ey'd Science! hast thou wander'd there,
To waft us home the message of despair?
Then bind the palm, thy sage's brow to suit,
Of blasted leaf, and death-distilling fruit!
Ah me! the laurel'd wreath that murder rears,
Blood-nurs'd, and water'd by the widow's tears,
Seems not so foul, so tainted, and so dread,
As waves the night-shade round the sceptic head!
What is the bigot's torch! the tyrant's chain!
I smile on death if Heav'n-ward Hope remain!
But, if the warring winds of Nature's strife
Be all the faithless charter of my life,
If Chance awak'd, inexorable pow'r!
This frail and fev'rish being of an hour,
Doom'd o'er the world's precarious scene to sweep,
Swift as the tempest travels on the deep,
To know Delight but by her parting smile,
And toil, and wish, and weep a little while,
Then melt, ye elements, that form'd in vain
This troubled pulse, and visionary brain!
Fade, ye wild flow'rs, memorials of my doom!
And sink, ye stars, that light me to the tomb!

Truth, ever lovely, since the world began,
The foe of tyrants, and the friend of man!—
How can thy words from balmy slumber start
Reposing Virtue, pillow'd on the heart?
Yet, if thy voice the note of thunder roll'd,
And that were true which Nature never told;
Let Wisdom smile not on her conquer'd field;
No rapture dawns, no treasure is reveal'd!
Oh! let her read, nor loudly, nor elate,
The doom that bars us from a better fate;
But, sad as angels for the good man's sin,
Weep to record, and blush to give it in!

And well may Doubt, the mother of Dismay,
Pause at her martyr's tomb, and read the lay,
Down by the wilds of yon deserted vale,
It darkly hints a melancholy tale!
There, as the homeless madman sits alone,
In hollow winds he hears a spirit moan!
And there, they say, a wizard orgie crowds
When the moon lights her watch-tow'r in the clouds.
Poor, lost Alonzo! Fate's neglected child!
Mild be the doom of Heav'n—as thou wert mild!
For oh! thy heart in holy mould was cast,
And all thy deeds were blameless, but the last.
Poor, lost Alonzo! still I seem to hear
The clod that struck thy hollow-sounding bier!
When Friendship paid, in speechless sorrow drown'd,
Thy midnight rites, but not on hallow'd ground!

Cease, ev'ry joy, to glimmer on my mind,
But leave—oh! leave the light of Hope behind!
What though my winged hours of bliss have been
Like angel-visits, few, and far between!

Her musing mood shall ev'ry pang appease,
And charm—when pleasures lose the pow'r to please!

Yes! let each rapture, dear to Nature, flee;
Close not the light of Fortune's stormy sea—
Mirth, Music, Friendship, Love's propitious smile,
Chase every care, and charm a little while,
Ecstatic throbs the flutt'ring heart employ,
And all her strings are harmoniz'd to Joy!—
But why so short is Love's delighted hour?
Why fades the dew on Beauty's sweetest flow'r?
Why can no hymned charm of Music heal
The sleepless woes impassion'd spirits feel?
Can Fancy's fairy hands no veil create
To hide the sad realities of Fate!—

No! not the quaint remark, the sapient rule,
Nor all the pride of Wisdom's worldly school,
Have pow'r to sooth, unaided and alone,
The heart that vibrates to a feeling tone!
When stepdame Nature ev'ry bliss recalls,
Fleet as the meteor o'er the desert falls;
When, 'rest of all, yon widow'd sire appears
A lonely hermit in the vale of years;
Say, can the world one joyous thought bestow
To Friendship, weeping at the couch of Woe?
No! but a brighter soothes the last adieu—
Souls of impassion'd mould, she speaks to you!
Weep not, she says, at Nature's transient pain,
Congenial spirits part to meet again!—

What plaintive sobs thy filial spirit drew,
What sorrow chok'd thy long and last adieu,
Daughter of Conrad! when he heard his knell,
And bade his country and his child farewell!

Doom'd the long isles of Sydney Cove to see,
The martyr of his crimes, but true to thee !
Thrice the sad father tore thee from his heart,
And thrice return'd, to bless thee, and to part !
Thrice from his trembling lips he murmur'd low
The plaint that own'd unutterable woe,
Till Faith, prevailing o'er his sullen doom,
As bursts the morn on night's unfathom'd gloom,
Lur'd his dim eye to deathless hopes sublime
Beyond the realms of Nature and of Time !

And, "weep not thus", he cried, "young Ellenore!
My bosom bleeds, but soon shall bleed no more !
Short shall this half-extinguish'd spirit burn,
And soon these limbs to kindred dust return !
But not, my child, with life's precarious fire,
Th' immortal ties of Nature shall expire :
These shall resist the triumph of decay,
When time is o'er, and worlds have pass'd away !
Cold in the dust this perish'd heart may lie,
But that which warm'd it once shall never die !
That spark, unburied in its mortal frame,
With living light eternal, and the same,
Shall beam on Joy's interminable years,
Unveil'd by darkness—unassuag'd by tears !

" Yet, on the barren shore and stormy deep,
One tedious watch is Conrad doom'd to weep ;
But when I gain the home without a friend,
And press th' uneasy couch where none attend,
This last embrace, still cherish'd in my heart,
Shall calm the struggling spirit ere it part !
Thy darling form shall seem to hover nigh,
And hush the groan of life's last agony !

“ Farewell! when strangers lift thy father’s bier,
And place my nameless stone without a tear;
When each returning pledge hath told my child
That Conrad’s tomb is on the desert pil’d;
And when the dream of troubl’d fancy sees
Its lonely rank-grass waving in the breeze;
Who then will sooth thy grief, when mine is o’er?
Who will protect thee? helpless Ellenore!
Shall secret scenes thy filial sorrows hide
Scorn’d by the world to factious guilt allied?
Ah! no; methinks the gen’rous and the good
Will woo thee from the shades of solitude!
O’er friendless grief compassion shall awake,
And smile on Innocence for Mercy’s sake!”

Inspiring thought of rapture yet to be,
The tears of love were hopeless, but for thee!
If in that frame no deathless spirit dwell,
If that faint murmur be the last farewell!
If fate unite the faithful but to part,
Why is their mem’ry sacred to the heart?
Why does the Brother of my childhood seem
Restor’d a while in ev’ry pleasing dream?
Why do I joy the lonely spot to view
By artless friendship bless’d when life was new?

Eternal Hope! when yonder spheres sublime
Peal’d their first notes to sound the march of Time,
Thy joyous youth began—but not to fade.
When all the sister planets have decay’d,
When rapt in fire the realms of ether glow,
And Heav’n’s last thunder shakes the world below,
Thou, undismay’d, shalt o’er the ruin smile,
And light thy torch at Nature’s fun’ral pile!

NOTES ON THE SECOND PART.

¹ The noon of manhood to a myrtle shade!
Sacred to Venus is the myrtle shade. DRYDEN.

² Thy woes, Arion!
Falconer, in his poem *The Shipwreck*, speaks of himself by the name of Arion. See Falconer's *Shipwreck*, Canto III.

³ The robber Moor.
See Schiller's tragedy of the Robbers, Scene V.

⁴ What millions die—that Cæsar might be great!
The carnage occasioned by the wars of Julius Cæsar has been usually estimated at two millions of men.

⁵ Or learn the fate that bleeding thousands bore,
March'd by their Charles to Dneiper's swampy shore.

In this extremity (says the Biographer of Charles XII of Sweden, speaking of his military exploits before the battle of Pultowa) the memorable winter of 1709, which was still more remarkable in that part of Europe than in France, destroyed numbers of his troops; for Charles resolved to brave the seasons as he had done his enemies, and ventured to make long marches during this mortal cold. It was in one of these marches that two thousand men fell down dead with cold before his eyes.

⁶ As on Iona's Saint.

The natives of the island of St. Iona have an opinion that on certain evenings every year the tutelary saint, Columba, is seen on the top of the church spires counting the surrounding islands, to see that they have not been sunk by the power of witchcraft.

⁷ And part, like Ajut—never to return!
See the history of Ajut and Anningait in the Rambler.

FINIS.

THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
OLIVER GOLDSMITH, M. B.

SKETCH
OF
THE LIFE AND WRITINGS
OF
OLIVER GOLDSMITH, M. B.

THIS gentleman was born at Elphin, in the county of Roscommon, in Ireland, in the year 1729. His father, the Rev. Charles Goldsmith, had four sons, of whom Oliver was the youngest. He studied the classics in Mr. Hughes's school, and on the 11th of June, 1744, was admitted a sizer in Trinity College, Dublin.

During his continuance at the University he made no display of those shining abilities which afterwards so distinguishedly marked his genius. In the month of February 1749, which was two years after the regular course of those things, he obtained the degree of Bachelor of Arts. In the year 1751 he visited Edinburgh, having previously turned his thoughts to the profession of physic, and attended some courses of anatomy in Dublin. At Edinburgh he studied the different branches of medicine under the respective professors in that University. His thoughtless though beneficent disposition soon involved him in difficulties; and, having made himself responsible for the debt of

another person, a fellow student, he was obliged abruptly to leave Scotland in order to avoid the horrors of a prison.

In the beginning of the year 1754 he arrived at Sunderland, where, being pursued by a legal process on account of the debt we have just mentioned, he was arrested; but he was afterwards set at liberty by the friendship of M. Laughlin Maclane, and Dr. Sleigh, who were then in the college.

Having surmounted this embarrassment, he embarked on board a Dutch ship, and arrived at Rotterdam, from whence he went to Brussels; then visited great part of Flanders, and afterwards, Strasbourg and Louvain, where he continued some time, and obtained the degree of Bachelor in Physic. From thence he went to Geneva in company with an English gentleman. It is a circumstance worth recording that he had so strong a propensity to see different countries, men and manners, that even the necessity of walking on foot could not deter him from this favourite pursuit. His German flute, on which he played tolerably well, frequently supplied him with the means of subsistence, and his learning procured him a favourable reception at most of the religious houses he visited. He himself tells us that, whenever he approached a peasant's house, he played one of his most merry tunes, and that generally procured him not only a lodging, but subsistence for the next day. This, however, was not the case with the rich who generally despised both him and his music.

He had not been long arrived at Geneva when he met with a young man who, by the death of an uncle, was become possessed of a considerable fortune, and to whom Mr. Goldsmith was recommended for a travelling companion — As avarice was the prevailing principle of this young man, it cannot be supposed he was long pleased with his preceptor who was of a contrary turn of mind.

Mr. Goldsmith, during his residence at the college of Edinburgh, had given marks of his rising genius for poetry which Switzerland greatly contributed to bring to maturity. It was here he wrote the first sketch of his *Traveller*, which he sent to his brother Henry, a clergyman in Ireland, who, despising Fame and Fortune, retired with an amiable wife on an income of only forty pounds per annum to pass a life of happiness and obscurity.

Our poet and his pupil continued together until they arrived at the south of France, where on a disagreement they parted, and our author was left to struggle with all the difficulties that a man could experience, who was in a state of poverty, in a foreign country, without friends. Yet notwithstanding all his difficulties his ardour for travelling was not abated; and he persisted in his scheme, though he was frequently obliged to be beholden to his flute and the peasants. At length, his curiosity being gratified, he bent his course towards England, and about the beginning of the winter in 1758 he arrived at Dover.

His situation was not much mended on his arrival in London, at which period the whole of

his finances were reduced to a few halfpence. What must be the gloomy apprehensions of a man in so forlorn a situation, and an utter stranger in the metropolis ! He applied to several apothecaries for employment ; but his aukward appearance, and his broad Irish accent, were so much against him that he met only with ridicule and contempt. At last, however, merely through motives of humanity, he was taken notice of by a chemist who employed him in his laboratory.

In this situation he continued till he was informed that his old friend Dr. Sleigh was in London. He then quitted the chemist, and lived some time upon the liberality of the Doctor ; but, disliking a life of dependence on the generosity of his friend, and being unwilling to be burdensome to him, he soon accepted an offer that was made him of assisting the late Rev. Dr. Milner in the education of young gentlemen at his academy at Peckham. During the time he remained in this situation he gave much satisfaction to his employer ; but, as he had obtained some reputation from criticisms he had written in the Monthly Review, he eagerly engaged in the compilation of that work with Mr. Griffith the principal proprietor. He accordingly returned to London, took a lodging in Green - Arbour Court in the Old Bailey, and commenced a professed author.

This was in the year 1759, before the close of which he produced several works, particularly a periodical publication, called *The Bee*, and *An Enquiry into the Present State of Polite Learning*

in Europe. He also became a writer in *The Public Ledger*, in which his *Citizen of the World* originally appeared under the title of *Chinese Letters*. His reputation extended so rapidly, and his connexions became so numerous, that he was soon enabled to emerge from his mean lodgings in the Old Bailey to the politer air of the Temple, where he took chambers in 1762, and lived in a more creditable manner. At length his reputation was fully established by the publication of *The Traveller* in the year 1765. His *Vicar of Wakefield* followed his *Traveller*, and his *History of England* was followed by the performance of his Comedy of *The Good-natured Man*, all which contributed to place him among the first rank of the poets of those times.

The Good-natured Man was acted at Covent-Garden Theatre in the year 1768. Many parts of this play exhibit the strongest indications of our author's comic talents. There is, perhaps, no character on the stage more happily imagined, and more highly finished, than *Croaker's*; nor do we recollect so original and successful an incident as that of the letter, which he conceives to be the composition of the Incendiary, and feels a thousand ridiculous horrors in consequence of his absurd apprehension. The audience, however, having been just before exalted on the sentimental stilts of *False Delicacy*, a comedy by Mr. Kelly, they regarded a few scenes in Mr. Goldsmith's piece as too low for their entertainment, and therefore treated them with unjustifiable severity. Nevertheless *The Good-natured Man* succeeded, though in a degree inferior

to its merit. The prologue to it, which is excellent, was written by Dr. Samuel Johnson.

In 1773 the comedy of *She Stoops to Conquer*, or *The Mistakes of a Night*, was acted at Covent-Garden Theatre. This piece was considered as a farce by some writers; even if so, it must be ranked among the farces of a man of genius. One of the most ludicrous circumstances it contains, which is that of the robbery, is said to be borrowed from *Albamazzar*.

Mr. Colman, who was then a manager of the theatre, had very little opinion of this piece, and made so keen a remark on it, while in rehearsal, that the Doctor never forgave him for it. The piece, however, succeeded contrary to Mr. Colman's expectations, being received with uncommon applause by the audience.

The last theatrical piece the Doctor produced was *The Grumbler*, a Farce, altered from Sedley. It was acted at Covent-Garden in 1773 for the benefit of Mr. Quick; but it was acted only one night, and never printed.

The Doctor might, with a little attention to prudence and œconomy, have placed himself in a state above want and dependence. He is said to have acquired, in one year, one thousand eight hundred pounds; and the advantages arising from his writings were very considerable for many years before his death: but these were rendered useless by an improvident liberality which prevented his distinguishing properly the objects of his generosity, and an unhappy attachment to gaming, with the arts of

which he was very little acquainted. He therefore remained at times as much embarrassed in his circumstances as when his income was in its lowest and most precarious state.

He had been for some years, at different times, affected with a violent strangury, which contributed to embitter the latter part of his life, and which, united with the vexations he suffered upon other occasions, brought on a kind of habitual despondency. In this condition he was attacked by a nervous fever, which, in spite of the most able medical assistance, terminated in his dissolution on the 4th day of April 1774, in the forty-fifth year of his age.

His remains were deposited in the burial-ground belonging to the Temple, and a monument hath since been erected to his memory, in Westminster-Abbey, at the expence of a literary club to which he belonged. It consists of a large medallion exhibiting a good likeness of the Doctor, embellished with literary ornaments, underneath which is a tablet of white marble with the following inscription written by his friend Dr. Samuel Johnson.

This Monument is raised
To the memory of
OLIVER GOLDSMITH,
Poet, Natural Philosopher, and Historian ;
Who left no species of writing untouched,
or
Unadorned by his Pen.
Whether to move laughter,
Or draw tears ;

He was a powerful master
Over the affections,
Though at the same time a gentle tyrant;
Of a genius at once sublime, lively, and
Equal to every subject:
In expression at once noble,
Pure and delicate.

His memory will last
As long as Society retains affection,
Friendship is not void of Honour,
And Reading wants not her admirers.
He was born in the kingdom of Ireland,
At Fernes, in the province
Of Leinster,

Where Pallas had set her name,

29th Nov. 1729.

He was educated at Dublin,

And died in London,

4th April, 1774.

THE TRAVELLER,
OR
A PROSPECT OF SOCIETY.

REMOTE, unfriended, melancholy, low,
Or by the lazy Scheld, or wand'ring Po,
Or onward where the rude Corinthian boor
Against the houseless stranger shuts the door,
Or where Campania's plain forsaken lies
A weary waste expanding to the skies;
Where'er I roam, whatever realms to see,
My heart, untravell'd, fondly turns to thee:
Still to my Brother turns with ceaseless pain,
And drags at each remove a length'ning chain.

Eternal blessings crown my earliest friend,
And round his dwelling guardian saints attend!
Blest be that spot where cheerful guests retire
To pause from toil, and trim their evening fire!
Blest that abode, where want and pain repair,
And ev'ry stranger finds a ready chair!
Blest be those feasts with simple plenty crown'd,
Where all the ruddy family around
Laugh at the jests or pranks that never fail,
Or sigh with pity at some mournful tale!
Or press the bashful stranger to his food,
And learn the luxury of doing good!

But me, not destin'd such delights to share,
My prime of life in wand'ring spent and care,

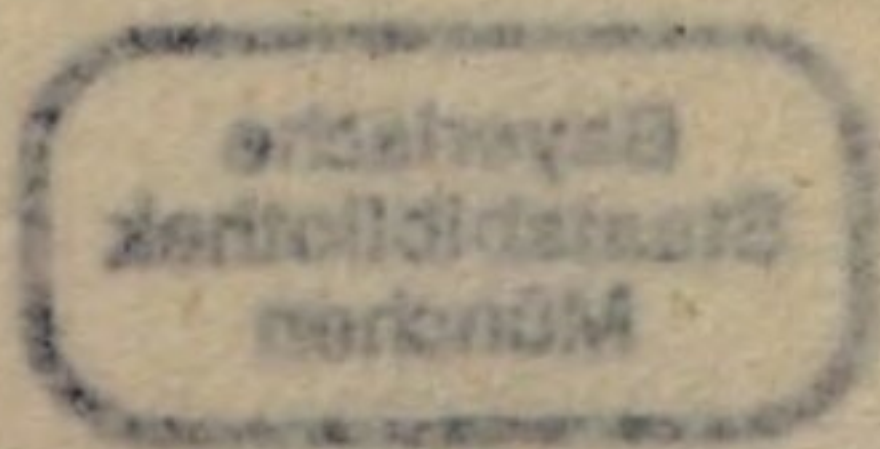
I

Impell'd, with steps unceasing, to pursue
Some fleeting good that mocks me with the view,
That, like the circle, bounding earth and skies,
Allures from far, yet, as I follow, flies;
My fortune leads to traverse realms alone,
And find no spot of all the world my own.

Ev'n now, where Alpine solitudes ascend,
I sit me down a pensive hour to spend,
And, plac'd on high above the storm's career,
Look downward where a hundred realms appear;
Lakes, forests, cities, plains extending wide,
The pomp of kings, the shepherd's humbler pride.

When thus Creation's charms around combine,
Amidst the store should thankless pride repine?
Say, should the philosophic mind disdain
That good which makes each humbler bosom vain?
Let school-taught pride dissemble all it can,
These little Things are great to little Man;
And wiser he whose sympathetic mind
Exults in all the good of all mankind. [crown'd;
Ye glitt'ring towns with wealth and splendor
Ye fields where summer spreads profusion round;
Ye lakes whose vessels catch the busy gale;
Ye bending swains that dress the flow'ry vale;
For me your tributary stores combine!
Creation's heir, the World, the World is mine!

As some lone Miser, visiting his store,
Bends at his treas'ry, counts, recounts it o'er,
Hoards after hoards his rising raptures fill,
Yet still he sighs, for hoards are wanting still,
Thus to my breast alternate passions rise,
Pleas'd with each good that Heav'n to man supplies



Yet oft a sigh prevails, and sorrows fall,
To see the hoard of human bliss so small;
And oft I wish, amidst the scene to find
Some spot to real happiness consign'd,
Where my worn soul, each wand'ring hope at rest,
May gather bliss to see my fellows blest.

But, where to find that happiest spot below?
Who can direct when all pretend to know?
The shudd'ring tenant of the frigid zone
Boldly proclaims that happiest spot his own;
Extolls the treasures of his stormy seas,
And his long nights of revelry and ease:
The naked negro, panting at the line,
Boasts of his golden sands and palmy wine;
Basks in the glare, or stems the tepid wave,
And thanks his gods for all the good they gave.
Such is the patriot's boast where'er we roam;
His first, best country, ever is at home.
And yet, perhaps, if countries we compare,
And estimate the blessings which they share,
Though patriots flatter, still shall wisdom find
An equal portion dealt to all mankind;
As diff'rent good, by art or nature given
To diff'rent nations, makes their blessings even.

Nature, a mother kind alike to all,
Still grants her bliss at labour's earnest call:
With food as well the peasant is supply'd
On Idra's cliffs as Arno's shelvy side;
And though the rocky-crested summits frown,
These rocks, by custom, turn to beds of down.
From art more various are the blessings sent;
Wealth, commerce, honour, liberty, content:

Yet these each other's pow'r so strong contest
That either seems destructive of the rest.
Where wealth and freedom reign, contentment fails;
And honour sinks where commerce long prevails:
Hence ev'ry state, to one lov'd blessing prone,
Conforms and models life to that alone.
Each to the fav'rite happiness attends,
And spurns the plan that aims at other ends;
Till, carried to excess in each domain,
This fav'rite good begets peculiar pain.

But let us try these truths with closer eyes,
And trace them through the prospect as it lies:
Here, for a while, my proper cares resign'd,
Here let me sit in sorrow for mankind,
Like yon neglected shrub, at random cast,
That shades the steep, and sighs at ev'ry blast.

Far to the right, where Appenine ascends,
Bright as the summer Italy extends:
Its uplands sloping deck the mountain's side;
Woods over woods in gay theatric pride:
While oft some temple's mould'ring tops between
With venerable grandeur mark the scene.

Could Nature's bounty satisfy the breast,
The sons of Italy were surely blest.
Whatever fruits in diff'rent climes are found
That proudly rise, or humbly court the ground;
Whatever blooms in torrid tracts appear
Whose bright succession decks the varied year;
Whatever sweets salute the northern sky
With vernal leaves that blossom but to die—
These, here disporting, own the kindred soil,
Nor ask luxuriance from the planter's toil.

While sea-born gales their gelid wings expand
To winnow fragrance round the smiling land.

But small the bliss that sense alone bestows,
And sensual bliss is all the nation knows.
In florid beauty groves and fields appear;
Man seems the only growth that dwindles here.
Contrasted faults through all his manners reign.
Though poor, luxurious; though submissive, vain;
Though grave, yet trifling; zealous, yet untrue;
And even in penance planning sins anew.
All evils here contaminate the mind
That opulence departed leaves behind;
For wealth was theirs; not far remov'd the date
When Commerce proudly flourish'd through the
At her command the palace learn'd to rise: [state.
Again the long fall'n column sought the skies.
The canvas glow'd beyond e'en nature warm;
The pregnant quarry teem'd with human form,
Till, more unsteady than the southern gale,
Commerce on other shores display'd her sail;
While nought remain'd, of all that riches gave,
But towns unmann'd, and lords without a slave:
And late the nation found with fruitless skill
Its former strength was but plethoric ill.

Yet still the loss of wealth is here supply'd
By arts, the splendid wrecks of former pride;
From these the feeble heart and long-fall'n mind
An easy compensation seem to find.
Here may be seen, in bloodless pomp array'd,
The pasteboard triumph and the cavalcade;
Processions form'd for piety and love;
A mistress or a saint in ev'ry grove.

By sports like these are all their cares beguil'd ;
The sports of children satisfy the child :
Each nobler aim, repress'd by long controul,
Now sinks at last, or feebly mans the soul ;
While low delights, succeeding fast behind,
In happier meanness occupy the mind ;
As in those domes where Cæsars once bore sway,
Defac'd by time, and tott'ring in decay,
There in the ruin, heedless of the dead,
The shelter-seeking peasant builds his shed ;
And, wond'ring man could want the larger pile,
Exults, and owns his cottage with a smile.

My soul, turn from them ; turn we to survey
Where rougher climes a nobler race display ;
Where the bleak Swiss their stormy mansion tread,
And force a churlish soil for scanty bread ;
No product here the barren hills afford,
But man and steel, the soldier and his sword.
No vernal blooms their torpid rocks array,
But winter ling'ring chills the lap of May ;
No zephyr fondly sues the mountain's breast,
But meteors glare, and stormy glooms invest.

Yet still, ev'n here, content can spread a charm,
Repress the clime, and all its rage disarm.
Though poor the peasant's hut, his feasts tho' small,
He sees his little lot, the lot of all ;
Sees no contiguous palace rear its head
To shame the meanness of his humble shed ;
No costly lord the sumptuous banquet deal
To make him loath his vegetable meal ;
But calm, and bred in ignorance and toil,
Each wish contracting, fits him to the soil.

Cheerful at morn he wakes from short repose,
Breathes the keen air, and carols as he goes ;
With patient angle trolls the finny deep,
Or drives his vent'rous plough-share to the steep ;
Or seeks the den where snow-tracks mark the way,
And drags the struggling savage into day.
At night, returning, every labour sped,
He sits him down the monarch of a shed ;
Smiles by his cheerful fire, and round surveys
His children's looks that brighten at the blaze ;
While his lov'd partner, boastful of her hoard,
Displays her cleanly platter on the board :
And haply too some pilgrim, thither led,
With many a tale repays the nightly bed.

Thus ev'ry good his native wilds impart
Imprints the patriot passion on his heart ;
And ev'n those ills that round his mansion rise
Enhance the bliss his scanty fund supplies :
Dear is that shed to which his soul conforms,
And dear that hill which lifts him to the storms ;
And as a child, when scaring sounds molest,
Clings close and closer to the mother's breast,
So the loud torrent, and the whirlwind's roar,
But bind him to his native mountains more.

Such are the charms to barren states assign'd ;
Their wants but few, their wishes all confin'd.
Yet let them only share the praises due ;
If few their wants, their pleasures are but few ;
For ev'ry want that stimulates the breast
Becomes a source of pleasure when redrest.
Whence from such lands each pleasing science flies
That first excites desire and then supplies.

Unknown to them, when sensual pleasures cloy,
To fill the languid pause with finer joy :
Unknown those pow'rs that raise the soul to flame,
Catch ev'ry nerve, and vibrate through the frame.
Their level life is but a mould'ring fire,
Unquench'd by want, unfann'd by strong desire ;
Unfit for raptures, or, if raptures cheer,
On some high festival of once a year
In wild excess the vulgar breast takes fire,
Till, buried in debauch, the bliss expire.

But not their joys alone thus coarsely flow ;
Their morals, like their pleasures, are but low :
For, as refinement stops, from sire to son,
Unalter'd, unimprov'd, the manners run ;
And love's and friendship's finely-pointed dart
Fall blunted from each indurated heart.
Some sterner virtues o'er the mountain's breast
May sit, like falcons cowering on the nest ;
But all the gentler morals, such as play [way,
Through life's more cultur'd walks and charm the
These far dispers'd, on tim'rous pinions fly,
To sport and flutter in a kinder sky.

To kinder skies, where gentler manners reign,
I turn—and France displays her bright domain.
Gay sprightly land of mirth and social ease,
Pleas'd with thyself, whom all the world can please !
How often have I led thy sportive choir
With tuneless pipe beside the murm'ring Loire !
Where shading elms along the margin grew,
And, freshen'd from the wave, the zephyr flew !
And haply, though my harsh touch fault'ring still,
But mock'd all tune, and marr'd the dancer's skill,

Yet would the village praise my wond'rous pow'r,
And dance, forgetful of the noon-tide hour!—
Alike all ages—Dames of ancient days
Have led their children through the mirthful maze;
And the gay grandsire, skill'd in gestic lore,
Has frisk'd beneath the burden of threescore!

So blest a life these thoughtless realms display;
Thus idly busy rolls their world away:
Theirs are those arts that mind to mind endear;
For honour forms the social temper here.
Honour, that praise which real merit gains,
Or e'en imaginary worth obtains,
Here passes current; paid from hand to hand,
It shifts in splendid traffic round the land:
From courts to camps, to cottages it strays,
And all are taught an avarice of praise;
They please, are pleas'd; they give to get esteem,
Till, seeming blest, they grow to what they seem.

But while this softer art their bliss supplies,
It gives their follies also room to rise;
For praise too dearly lov'd, or warmly sought,
Enfeebles all internal strength of thought;
And the weak soul, within itself unblest,
Leans for all pleasure on another's breast.
Hence ostentation here, with tawdry art,
Pants for the vulgar praise which fools impart:
Here vanity assumes her pert grimace,
And trims her robes of frize with copper lace;
Here beggar-pride defrauds her daily cheer
To boast one splendid banquet once a year;
The mind still turns where shifting fashion draws,
Nor weighs the solid worth of self-applause.

To men of other minds my fancy flies,
 Embosom'd in the deep where Holland lies.
 Methinks her patient sons before me stand,
 Where the broad ocean leans against the land;
 And, sedulous to stop the coming tide,
 Lift the tall rampire's artificial pride.
 Onward, methinks, and diligently slow,
 The firm connected bulwark seems to grow:
 Spreads its long arms amidst the wat'ry roar,
 Scoops out an empire, and usurps the shore,
 While the pent ocean, rising o'er the pile,
 Sees an amphibious world beneath him smile;
 The slow canal, the yellow-blossom'd vale,
 The willow-tufted band, the gliding sail,
 The crowded mart, the cultivated plain;
 A new creation rescu'd from his reign!
 Thus while around the wave-subjected soil
 Impels the native to repeated toil,
 Industrious habits in each bosom reign,
 And industry begets a love of gain.
 Hence all the good from opulence that springs,
 With all those ills superfluous treasure brings,
 Are here display'd. Their much-lov'd wealth imparts
 Convenience, plenty, elegance, and arts;
 But view them closer, craft and fraud appear:
 E'en Liberty itself is barter'd here!
 At gold's superior charms all freedom flies;
 The needy sell it, and the rich man buys:
 A land of tyrants, and a den of slaves!
 Here wretches seek dishonourable graves;
 And calmly bent to servitude conform,
 Dull as their lakes that slumber in the storm.

Heav'ns! how unlike their Belgic sires of old!
Rough, poor, content, ungovernably bold;
War in each breast, and freedom on each brow! —
How much unlike the sons of Britain now!

Fir'd at the sound, my genius spreads her wing,
And flies where Britain courts the western spring;
Where lawns extend that scorn Arcadian pride,
And brighter streams than fam'd Hydaspis glide.
There all around the gentlest breezes stray;
There gentle music melts on ev'ry spray:
Creation's mildest charms are there combin'd;
Extremes are only in the master's mind!
Stern o'er each bosom Reason holds her state,
With daring aims irregularly great:
Pride in their port, defiance in their eye,
I see the lords of human-kind pass by;
Intent on high designs, a thoughtful band,
By forms unfashion'd, fresh from nature's hand;
Fierce in their native hardness of soul,
True to imagin'd right, above controul,
While e'en the peasant boasts these rights to scan,
And learns to venerate himself as man.

Thine, Freedom, thine the blessings pictur'd here!
Thine are those charms that dazzle and endear!
Too blest indeed were such without alloy!
But foster'd e'en by Freedom Ills annoy:
That independence Britons prize too high
Keeps man from man, and breaks the social tie:
The self-dependent lordlings stand alone —
All claims that bind and sweeten life unknown;
Here, by the bonds of Nature feebly held,
Minds combat minds, repelling and repell'd;

Ferments arise, imprison'd factions roar;
Repress'd ambition struggles round her shore,
Till, over-wrought, the gen'ral system feels
Its motions stop, or phrenzy fire the wheels.

Nor this the worst—As nature's ties decay,
As duty, love, and honour fail to sway,
Fictitious bonds, the bonds of wealth and law,
Still gather strength, and force unwilling awe.
Hence all obedience bows to these alone,
And talent sinks, and merit weeps unknown,
Till time may come, when, stript of all her charms,
The land of scholars, and the nurse of arms,
Where noble stems transmit the patriot flame,
Where kings have toil'd and poets wrote for fame,
One sink of level avarice shall lie,
And scholars, soldiers, kings, unhonour'd die.

Yet think not, thus when Freedom's ills I state,
I mean to flatter kings, or court the great:
Ye pow'rs of Truth! that bid my soul aspire,
Far from my bosom drive the low desire!
And thou, fair Freedom! taught alike to feel
The rabble's rage, and tyrant's angry steel—
Thou transitory flow'r! alike undone
By proud Contempt, or Favour's fost'ring Sun,
Still may thy blooms the changeful clime endure!
I only would repress them to secure:
For just experience tells, in ev'ry soil,
That those who think must govern those that toil;
And all that Freedom's highest aims can reach
Is but to lay proportion'd loads on each.
Hence, should one order disproportion'd grow,
Its double weight must ruin all below.

Oh! then, how blind to all that truth requires
Who think it freedom when a part aspires,
Calm is my soul, nor apt to rise in arms,
Except when fast-approaching danger warms:
But when contending chiefs blockade the throne,
Contracting regal power to stretch their own;
When I behold a factious band agree
To call it freedom when themselves are free;
Each wanton judge new penal statutes draw,
Laws grind the poor, and rich men rule the law;
The wealth of climes where savage nations roam
Pillag'd from slaves to purchase slaves at home;
Fear, pity, justice, indignation start,
Tear off reserve, and bare my swelling heart;
Till half a patriot, half a coward grown,
I fly from petty tyrants to the throne.

Yes, Brother, curse with me that baleful hour
When first ambition struck at regal pow'r,
And thus polluting honour in its source,
Gave wealth to sway the mind with double force!
Have we not seen, round Britain's peopl'd shore,
Her useful sons exchang'd for useless ore?
Seen all her triumphs but destruction haste,
Like flaring tapers, bright'ning as they waste;
Seen opulence, her grandeur to maintain,
Lead stern depopulation in her train,
And over fields, where scatter'd hamlets rose,
In barren, solitary pomp repose?
Have we not seen, at Pleasure's lordly call,
The smiling long-frequented village fall?
Beheld the duteous son, the sire decay'd,
The modest matron, and the blushing maid,

Forc'd from their homes, a melancholy train,
To traverse climes beyond the western main,
Where wild Oswego spreads her swamps around,
And Niagara stuns with thund'ring sound?

E'en now, perhaps, as there some pilgrim strays,
Thro' tangled forests, and thro' dang'rous ways,
Where beasts with man divided empire claim,
And the brown Indian marks with murd'rous aim,
There, while above the giddy tempest flies,
And all around distressful yells arise,
The pensive exile, bending with his woe,
To stop too fearful, and too faint to go,
Casts a long look where England's glories shine,
And bids his bosom sympathize with mine!

Vain, very vain, my weary search to find
That bliss which only centers in the mind!
Why have I stray'd from pleasure and repose
To seek a good each government bestows?
In ev'ry government tho' terrors reign,
Tho' tyrant kings, or tyrant laws restrain,
How small, of all that human hearts endure,
That part which Laws or Kings can cause or cure!
Still to ourselves in ev'ry place consign'd,
Our own felicity we make or find:
With secret course, which no loud storms annoy,
Glides the smooth current of domestic joy.
The lifted axe, the agonizing wheel,
Luke's iron crown, and Damien's bed of steel,
To men remote from power but rarely known,
Leave reason, faith and conscience, all our own.

THE DESERTED VILLAGE.

SWEET Auburn! lov'liest village of the plain
 Where health and plenty cheer'd the lab'ring swain,
 Where smiling spring its earliest visit paid,
 And parting summer's ling'ring bloom delay'd;
 Dear lovely bow'rs of innocence and ease,
 Seats of my youth when ev'ry sport could please,
 How often have I loiter'd o'er thy green
 Where humble happiness endear'd each scene!
 How often have I paus'd on ev'ry charm!
 The shelter'd cot, the cultivated farm,
 The never-failing brook, the busy mill,
 The decent church that topt the neighb'ring hill,
 The hawthorn bush with seats beneath the shade,
 For talking age and whisp'ring lovers made—
 How often have I blest the coming day
 When toil remitting lent its turn to play,
 And all the village train, from labour free,
 Led up their sports beneath the spreading tree,
 While many a pastime circled in the shade,
 The young contending as the old survey'd;
 And many a gambol frolick'd o'er the ground,
 And sleights of art and feats of strength went round!
 And still, as each repeated pleasure tir'd,
 Succeeding sports the mirthful band inspir'd;
 The dancing pair that simply sought renown,
 By holding out, to tire each other down;
 The swain mistrustless of his smutt'd face,
 While secret laughter titter'd round the place;

The bashful virgin's side-long looks of love,
The matron's glance that would those looks reprove—
These were thy charms, sweet village! Sports like
these,

With sweet succession, taught ev'n toil to please;
These round thy bow'rs their cheerful influence shed;
These were thy charms—But all these charms are
fled!

Sweet smiling village! lov'liest of the lawn,
Thy sports are fled, and all thy charms withdrawn!
Amidst thy bow'rs the tyrant's hand is seen,
And desolation saddens all thy green:
One only master grasps the whole domain,
And half a tillage stints thy smiling plain.
No more thy glassy brook reflects the day,
But, choak'd with sedges, works its weedy way:
Along thy glades, a solitary guest,
The hollow sounding bittern guards its nest;
Amidst thy desert walks the lapwing flies,
And tires their echos with unvary'd cries.
Sunk are thy bow'rs in shapeless ruin all,
And the long grass o'ertops the mould'ring wall;
And, trembling, shrinking from the spoiler's hand,
Far, far away thy children leave the land!

Ill fares the land, to hast'ning ills a prey,
Where wealth accumulates, and men decay:
Princes and Lords may flourish or may fade;
A breath can make them as a breath has made:
But a bold Peasantry, their country's pride,
When once destroy'd, can never be supply'd.

A time there was, ere England's griefs began,
When ev'ry rood of ground maintain'd its man;

For him light labour spread her wholesome store,
Just gave what life requir'd, but gave no more :
His best companions, innocence and health ;
And his best riches, ignorance of wealth.

But times are alter'd : Trade's unfeeling train
Usurp the land, and dispossess the Swain ;
Along the lawn, where scatter'd hamlets rose,
Unwieldy wealth, and cumb'rous pomp repose ;
And ev'ry want to luxury ally'd,
And ev'ry pang that folly pays to pride.
Those gentle hours that plenty bade to bloom ;
Those calm desires that ask'd but little room ;
Those healthful sports that grac'd the peaceful scene,
Liv'd in each look, and brighten'd all the green ;
These, far departing, seek a kinder shore,
And rural mirth and manners are no more.

Sweet Auburn ! parent of the blissful hour,
Thy glades forlorn confess the Tyrant's pow'r ;
Here, as I take my solitary rounds,
Amidst thy tangling walks and ruin'd grounds,
And, many a year elaps'd, return to view
Where once the cottage stood, the hawthorn grew,
Remembrance wakes, with all her busy train,
Swells at my breast, and turns the past to pain !

In all my wand'rings round this world of care,
In all my griefs, and God has giv'n my share,
I still had hopes, my latest hours to crown,
Amidst these humble bow'rs to lay me down ;
To husband out life's taper at the close,
And keep the flame from wasting by repose :
I still had hopes, for pride attends us still,
Amidst the swains to shew my book-learn'd skill ;

Around my fire an ev'ning group to draw,
And tell of all I felt, and all I saw;
And as a hare whom hounds and horns pursue
Pants to the place from whence at first he flew,
I still had hopes, my long vexations past,
Here to return—and die at home at last.

O blest retirement! friend to life's decline,
Retreats from care, that never must be mine,
How blest is he who crowns, in shades like these,
A youth of labour with an age of ease!
Who quits a world where strong temptations try,
And, since 'tis hard to combat, learns to fly!
For him no wretches, born to work and weep,
Explore the mine, or tempt the dang'rous deep;
No surly porter stands in guilty state
To spurn imploring famine from the gate;
But on he moves to meet his latter end,
Angels around befriending virtue's friend;
Sinks to the grave with unperceiv'd decay,
While resignation gently slopes the way;
And, all his prospects bright'ning to the last,
His heav'n commences ere the world is past!

Sweet was the sound when oft, at ev'ning's close,
Up yonder hill the village murmur rose;
There, as I past with careless steps and slow,
The mingling notes came soften'd from below;
The swain responsive as the milk-maid sung,
The sober herd that low'd to meet their young,
The noisy geese that gabbled o'er the pool,
The playful children, just let loose from school, [wind,
The watch-dog's voice that bay'd the whisp'ring
And the loud laugh that spoke the vacant mind—

These all in sweet confusion sought the shade,
And fill'd each pause the nightingale had made.
But now the sounds of population fail;
No cheerful murmurs fluctuate in the gale;
No busy steps the grass-grown foot-way tread,
But all the blooming flush of life is fled.

All but yon widow'd solitary thing
That feebly bends beside the plashy spring;
She, wretched matron! forc'd, in age, for bread
To strip the brook with mantling cresses spread,
To pick her wintry faggot from the thorn,
To seek her nightly shed, and weep till morn;
She only left, of all the harmless train,
The sad historian of the pensive plain.

Near yonder copse where once a garden smil'd,
And still where many a garden flow'r grows wild;
There, where a few torn shrubs the place disclose,
The village preacher's modest mansion rose.
A man he was to all the country dear,
And passing rich with forty pounds a year.
Remote from towns he ran his godly race,
Nor ere had chang'd, nor wish'd to change his place;
Unskilful he to fawn, or seek for pow'r,
By doctrines fashion'd to the varying hour:
Far other aims his heart had learn'd to prize,
More bent to raise the wretched than to rise.
His house was known to all the vagrant train,
He chid their wand'rings, but reliev'd their pain.
The long remember'd beggar was his guest,
Whose beard descending swept his aged breast;
The ruin'd spendthrift, now no longer proud,
Claim'd kindred there, and had his claims allow'd;

The broken soldier, kindly bid to stay,
Sat by his fire, and talk'd the night away;
Wept o'er his wounds, or tales of sorrow done, [won.
Shoulder'd his crutch, and shew'd how fields were
Pleas'd with his guests the good man learn'd to glow,
And quite forgot their vices in their woe;
Careless their merits or their faults to scan,
His pity gave ere charity began.

Thus to relieve the wretched was his pride,
And ev'n his failings lean'd to virtue's side;
But in his duty prompt at ev'ry call,
He watch'd and wept, he pray'd and felt for all:
And, as a bird each fond endearment tries
To tempt its new-fledg'd offspring to the skies,
He tried each art, reprov'd each dull delay,
Allur'd to brighter worlds, and led the way.

Beside the bed, where parting life was laid,
And sorrow, guilt, and pain, by turns dismay'd,
The rev'rend champion stood. At his controul,
Despair and anguish fled the struggling soul;
Comfort came down the trembling wretch to raise,
And his last fault'ring accents whisper'd praise.

At church, with meek and unaffected grace,
His looks adorn'd the venerable place;
Truth from his lips prevail'd with double sway,
And fools, who came to scoff, remain'd to pray.
The service past, around the pious man,
With ready zeal, each honest rustic ran;
Ev'n children follow'd with endearing wile,
And pluck'd his gown to share the good man's smile.
His ready smile a parent's warmth exprest,
Their welfare pleas'd him, and their cares distress;

To them his heart, his love, his griefs were giv'n,
But all his serious thoughts had rest in heav'n :
As some tall cliff that lifts its awful form,
Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the storm,
Tho' round its breast the rolling clouds are spread,
Eternal sunshine settles on its head.

Beside yon straggling fence that skirts the way
With blossom'd furze unprofitably gay,
There, in his noisy mansions skill'd to rule,
The village master taught his little school ;
A man severe he was, and stern to view,
I knew him well, and ev'ry truant knew ;
Well had the boding tremblers learn'd to trace
The day's disasters in his morning face ;
Full well they laugh'd with counterfeited glee
At all his jokes, for many a joke had he ;
Full well the busy whisper, circling round,
Convey'd the dismal tidings when he frown'd ;
Yet he was kind, or if severe in aught,
The love he bore to learning was in fault ;
The village all declar'd how much he knew ;
'Twas certain he could write and cipher too ;
Lands he could measure, terms and tides presage,
And ev'n the story ran that he could gauge :
In arguing too the parson own'd his skill,
For, ev'n tho' vanquish'd, he could argue still ;
While words of learned length and thund'ring sound
Amaz'd the gaping rustics rang'd around ;
And still they gaz'd, and still the wonder grew,
That one small head should carry all he knew.
But past is all his fame. — The very spot
Where many a time he triumph'd is forgot.

Near yonder thorn that lifts its head on high,
Where once the sign-post caught the passing eye,
Low lies that house where nut-brown draughts
inspir'd,

Where grey-beard mirth, and smiling toil retir'd,
Where village statesmen talk'd with looks profound,

And news much older than their ale went round.

Imagination fondly stoops to trace

The parlour splendors of that festive place;

The white-wash'd wall, the nicely sanded floor,

The varnish'd clock that click'd behind the door;

The chest, contriv'd a double debt to pay,

A bed by night, a chest of draw'rs by day;

The pictures plac'd for ornament and use,

The twelve good rules, the royal game of goose;

The hearth, except when winter chill'd the day,

With aspin boughs, and flow'rs and fennel gay,

While broken tea-cups, wisely kept for show,

Rang'd o'er the chimney, glisten'd in a row.

Vain transitory splendor! could not all
Reprieve the tott'ring mansion from its fall?

Obscure it sinks, nor shall it more impart

An hour's importance to the poor man's heart:

Thither no more the peasant shall repair

To sweet oblivion of his daily care;

No more the farmer's news, the barber's tale,

No more the wood-man's ballad shall prevail;

No more the smith his dusky brow shall clear,

Relax his pond'rous strength, and lean to hear;

The host himself no longer shall be found

Careful to see the mantling bliss go round;

Nor the coy maid, half willing to be prest,
Shall kiss the cup to pass it to the rest.

Yes! let the rich deride, the proud disdain
These simple blessings of the lowly train:
To me more dear, congenial to my heart,
One native charm than all the gloss of art;
Spontaneous joys where nature has its play
The soul adopts, and owns their first-born sway:
Lightly they frolick o'er the vacant mind,
Unenvy'd, unmolested, unconfin'd.

But the long pomp, the midnight masquerade,
With all the freaks of wanton wealth array'd,
In these, ere triflers half their wish obtain,
The toiling pleasure sickens into pain;
And, ev'n while fashion's brightest arts decoy,
The heart distrusting asks, if this be joy!

Ye friends to truth, ye statesmen who survey
The rich man's joys increase, the poor's decay,
'Tis yours to judge how wide the limits stand
Between a splendid and a happy land!
Proud swells the tide with loads of freighted ore,
And shouting Folly hails them from her shore;
Hoards, ev'n beyond the miser's wish abound,
And rich men flock from all the world around.
Yet count our gains—This wealth is but a name
That leaves our useful products still the same.
Not so the loss—The man of wealth and pride
Takes up a space that many poor supply'd;
Space for his lake, his park's extended bounds,
Space for his horses, equipage and hounds;
The robe that wraps his limbs in silken sloth
Has robb'd the neighb'ring fields of half their growth;

His seat, where solitary sports are seen,
 Indignant spurns the cottage from the green;
 Around the world each needful product flies
 For all the luxuries the world supplies,
 While thus the land adorn'd for pleasure all
 In barren splendor feebly waits the fall.

As some fair female, unadorn'd and plain,
 Secure to please while youth confirms her reign,
 Slights ev'ry borrow'd charm that dress supplies,
 Nor shares with art the triumph of her eyes;
 But when those charms are past, for charms are frail,
 When time advances, and when lovers fail,
 She then shines forth, solicitous to bless,
 In all the glaring impotence of dress,
 Thus fares the land, by luxury betray'd;
 In nature's simplest charms at first array'd,
 But verging to decline, its splendors rise,
 Its vistas strike, its palaces surprise;
 While, scourg'd by famine from the smiling land,
 The mournful peasant leads his humble band;
 And while he sinks, without one arm to save,
 The country blooms—a garden and a grave!

Where then, ah! where shall poverty reside,
 To 'scape the pressure of contiguous pride?
 If, to some Common's fenceless limits stray'd,
 He drives his flock to pick the scanty blade,
 Those fenceless fields the sons of wealth divide,
 And ev'n the bare-worn Common is deny'd.

If to the city sped—What waits him there!
 To see profusion that he must not share!
 To see ten thousand baneful arts combin'd
 To pamper luxury, and thin mankind!

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To see each joy the sons of pleasure know,
Extorted from his fellow-creature's woe!
Here while the courtier glitters in brocade,
There the pale artist plies the sickly trade;
Here while the proud their long-drawn pomps
display,
There the black gibbet glooms beside the way;
The dome, where pleasure holds her midnight reign,
Here richly deck'd, admits the gorgeous train;
Tumultuous grandeur crowds the blazing Square;
The rattling chariots clash, the torches glare.
Sure, scenes like these no trouble e'er annoy!
Sure, these denote one universal joy!
Are these thy serious thoughts?—Ah! turn thine eyes
Where the poor houseless shiv'ring female lies!
She once, perhaps, in village plenty blest,
Has wept at tales of innocence distress;
Her modest looks the cottage might adorn,
Sweet as the primrose peeps beneath the thorn;
Now, lost to all, her friends, her virtue fled,
Near her betrayer's door she lays her head,
And, pinch'd with cold, and shrinking from the
shower,
With heavy heart deplores that luckless hour,
When idly first, ambitious of the town,
She left her wheel and robes of country brown.
Do thine, sweet Auburn, thine, the lov'liest train,
Do thy fair tribes participate her pain?
Ev'n now, perhaps, by cold and hunger led,
At proud men's doors they ask a little bread!
Ah! no—To distant climes, a dreary scene,
Where half the convex world intrudes between,

Through torrid tracts with fainting steps they go,
Where wild Altama murmurs to their woe.
Far diff'rent there from all that charm'd before
The various terrors of that horrid shore;
Those blazing suns that dart a downward ray,
And fiercely shed intolerable day;
Those matted woods where birds forget to sing,
But silent bats in drowsy clusters cling;
Those pois'nous fields with rank luxuriance crown'd,
Where the dark scorpion gathers death around;
Where at each step the stranger fears to wake
The rattling terrors of the vengeful snake;
Where crouching tigers wait their hapless prey,
And savage men more murd'rous still than they;
While oft in whirls the mad tornado flies,
Mingling the ravag'd landscape with the skies.
Far diff'rent these from ev'ry former scene,
The cooling brook, the grassy vested green,
The breezy covert of the warbling grove
That only shelter'd thefts of harmless love. [day
Good Heaven! what sorrows gloom'd that parting
That call'd them from their native walks away!
When the poor exiles, ev'ry pleasure past,
Hung round the bow'rs, and fondly look'd their last,
And took a long farewell, and wish'd in vain
For seats like these beyond the western main;
And shudd'ring still to face the distant deep,
Return'd and wept, and still return'd to weep!
The good old sire the first prepar'd to go
To new-found worlds, and wept for other's woe;
But for himself, in conscious virtue brave,
He only wish'd for worlds beyond the grave.

His lovely daughter, lovelier in her tears,
The fond companion of his helpless years,
Silent went next, neglectful of her charms,
And left a lover's for her father's arms.
With louder plaints the mother spoke her woes,
And blest the cot where ev'ry pleasure rose,
And kiss'd her thoughtless babes with many a tear,
And clasp'd them close, in sorrow doubly dear!
Whilst her fond husband strove to lend relief
In all the silent manliness of grief.

Oh luxury! thou curs'd by heav'n's decree,
How ill exchang'd are things like these for thee!
How do thy potions with insidious joy
Diffuse their pleasures, only to destroy!
Kingdoms by thee, to sickly greatness grown,
Boast of a florid vigour not their own.
At ev'ry draught more large and large they grow,
A bloated mass of rank unwieldy woe,
Till sapp'd their strength, and every part unsound,
Down, down they sink and spread a ruin round!

Ev'n now the devastation is begun,
And half the business of destruction done;
Ev'n now, methinks, as pond'ring here I stand,
I see the rural virtues leave the land.
Down where yon anch'ring vessel spreads the sail
That idly waiting flaps with every gale,
Downward they move, a melancholy band,
Pass from the shore, and darken all the strand.
Contented toil, and hospitable care,
And kind connubial tenderness, are there;
And piety with wishes plac'd above,
And steady loyalty, and faithful love.

And thou, sweet Poetry ! thou lov'liest maid,
Still first to fly where sensual joys invade ;
Unfit in these degen'rate times of shame,
To catch the heart, or strike for honest fame ;
Dear charming nymph neglected and decry'd,
My shame in crowds, my solitary pride.
Thou source of all my bliss and all my woe,
That found'st me poor at first, and keep'st me so ;
Thou guide, by which the nobler arts excel !
Thou nurse of ev'ry virtue, fare thee well !
Farewel, and oh ! where'er thy voice be try'd,
On Torno's cliffs, or Pambamarca's side,
Whether where equinoctial fervors glow,
Or winter wraps the polar world in snow,
Still let thy voice, prevailing over time,
Redress the rigors of th' inclement clime ;
Aid slighted truth with thy persuasive strain,
Teach erring man to spurn the rage of gain !
Teach him, that states of native strength possess,
Though very poor, may still be very blest ;
That trade's proud empire hastes to swift decay,
As ocean sweeps the labour'd mole away ;
While self-dependent power can time defy,
As rocks resist the billows and the sky.



RETALIATION, *

A P O E M.

OF old, when Scarron his companions invited,
Each guest brought his dish, and the feast was united.
If our ² landlord supplies us with beef and with fish,
Let each guest bring himself, and he brings the best
dish :

Our ³ Dean shall be ven'son, just fresh from the
plains ;

Our ⁴ Burke shall be tongue, with the garnish of
brains ;

Our ⁵ Will shall be wild fowl, of excellent flavour,
And ⁶ Dick with his pepper shall heighten their
savour :

* First printed in 1774, after the author's death. Dr. Goldsmith, and some of his friends, occasionally dined at the St. James's Coffee-house. One day it was proposed to write epitaphs on him. His country dialect, and person, furnished subjects of witticism. He was called on for *Retaliation* ; and, at their next meeting, produced the following poem.

² The master of the St. James's Coffee-house, where the Doctor, and the friends he has characterized in this poem, occasionally dined.

³ Doctor Bernard, Dean of Derry in Ireland.

⁴ Mr. Edmund Burke.

⁵ Mr. William Burke, late Secretary to General Conway, and member for Bedwin.

⁶ Mr. Richard Burke, collector of Grenada.

Our ¹ Cumberland's sweet - bread its place shall
 obtain,
 And ² Douglas is pudding, substantial and plain :
 Our ³ Garrick's a sallad ; for in him we see
 Oil, vinegar, sugar, and saltness agree.
 To make out the dinner, full certain I am,
 That ⁴ Ridge is anchovy, and ⁵ Reynolds is lamb :
 That ⁶ Hickey's a capon ; and, by the same rule,
 Magnanimous Goldsmith, a gooseberry fool.
 At a dinner so various, at such a repast,
 Who'd not be a glutton, and stick to the last !
 Here, waiter, more wine ; let me sit while I'm able,
 Till all my companions sink under the table ;
 Then, with chaos and blunders encircling my head,
 Let me ponder, and tell what I think of the dead.
 Here lies the good ⁷ Dean, re-united to earth,
 Who mixt reason with pleasure, and wisdom with
 mirth ;

¹ Mr. Richard Cumberland, author of the *West Indian*, *Fashionable Lover*, *The Brothers*, and other dramatic pieces.

² Doctor Douglas, Canon of Windsor, an ingenious Scotch gentleman, who has no less distinguished himself as a citizen of the world, than a sound critic, in detecting several literary mistakes (or rather forgeries) of his countrymen ; particularly Lauder on Milton, and Bower's History of the Popes.

³ David Garrick, Esq.

⁴ Counsellor John Ridge, a gentleman belonging to the Irish bar.

⁵ Sir Joshua Reynolds.

⁶ An eminent attorney.

⁷ Vide page 125.

If he had any faults, he has left us in doubt;
At least, in six weeks, I could not find 'em out;
Yet some have declared, and it can't be deny'd 'em,
That sly-boots was cursedly cunning to hide 'em.

Here lies our good ¹ Edmund, whose genius was
such,

We scarcely can praise it, or blame it too much;
Who, born for the universe, narrow'd his mind,
And to party gave up what was meant for mankind.
Tho' fraught with all learning, yet straining his
throat,

To persuade ² Tommy Townshend to lend him a
vote;

Who, too deep for his hearers, still went on refining,
And thought of convincing while they thought of
dining;

Tho' equal to all things, for all things unfit;
Too nice for a statesman, too proud for a wit:
For a patriot, too cool; for a drudge, disobedient;
And too fond of the *right* to pursue the *expedient*.
In short, 't was his fate, unemploy'd or in place, sir,
To eat mutton cold, and cut blocks with a razor.

Here lies honest ³ William, whose heart was a
mint,

While the owner ne'er knew half the good that was
in't;

The pupil of impulse, it forc'd him along,
His conduct still right with his argument wrong:

¹ Vide page 125.

² Mr. T. Townshend, member for Whitchurch.

³ Vide page 125.

Still aiming at honour, yet fearing to roam,
 The coachman was tipsey, the chariot drove home.
 Would you ask for his merits! alas! he had none;
 What was good was spontaneous, his faults were his
 own. [at;

Here lies honest Richard, whose fate I must sigh
 Alas! that such frolic should now be so quiet!
 What spirits were his! what wit and what whim!
¹ Now breaking a jest, and now breaking a limb!
 Now wrangling and grumbling to keep up the ball!
 Now teasing and vexing, yet laughing at all!
 In short, so provoking a devil was Dick,
 That we wish'd him full ten times a day at Old Nick;
 But, missing his mirth and agreeable vein,
 As often we wish'd to have Dick back again.

Here ² Cumberland lies, having acted his parts,
 The Terence of England, the mender of hearts;
 A flattering painter, who made it his care
 To draw men as they ought to be, not as they are.
 His gallants are all faultless, his women divine,
 And comedy wonders at being so fine;
 Like a tragedy queen, he has dizen'd her out,
 Or rather like tragedy giving her out.
 His fools have their follies so lost in a crowd
 Of virtues and feelings, that folly grows proud;

¹ Mr. Richard Burke; vide page 125. This gentleman having slightly fractured one of his arms and legs, at different times, the Doctor has rallied him on those accidents, as a kind of retributive justice for breaking his jests upon other people.

² Vide page 126.

And coxcombs alike in their failings alone,
 Adopting his portraits, are pleas'd with their own.
 Say, where has our poet this malady caught?
 Or, wherefore his characters thus without fault?
 Say, was it that vainly directing his view
 To find out men's virtues, and finding them few,
 Quite sick of pursuing each troublesome elf,
 He grew lazy at last, and drew from himself?

Here ¹ Douglas retires from his toils to relax,
 The scourge of impostors, the terror of quacks:
 Come, all ye quack bards, and ye quacking divines,
 Come and dance on the spot where your tyrant
 reclines:

When satire and censure encircled his throne,
 I fear'd for your safety, I fear'd for my own;
 But now he is gone, and we want a detector:
 Our ² Dodds shall be pious, our ³ Kenricks shall
 lecture;

⁴ Macpherson write bombast, and call it a stile;
 Our ⁵ Townshend make speeches, and I shall
 compile;

New ⁶ Lauders and Bowers, the Tweed shall cross
 over,

No countryman living their tricks to discover;

¹ Vide page 126.

² The Rev. Dr. Dodd.

³ Dr. Kenrick, who read lectures at the Devil Tavern,
 under the title of "The School of Shakespeare."

⁴ James Macpherson, Esq. who lately, from the mere
 force of his style, wrote down the first poet of all antiquity.

⁵ Vide page 127.

⁶ Vide page 126.

Detection her taper shall quench to a spark, [dark.
And Scotchman meet Scotchman, and cheat in the

Here lies ¹ David Garrick; describe him, who can,
An abridgment of all that was pleasant in man;
As an actor, confest without rival to shine;
As a wit, if not first, in the very first line:
Yet, with talents like these, and an excellent heart,
The man had his failings, a dupe to his art.
Like an ill-judging beauty his colours he spread,
And beplaster'd with rouge his own natural red.
On the stage he was natural, simple, affecting;
'Twas only that, when he was off, he was acting.
With no reason on earth to go out of his way,
He turn'd and he varied full ten times a-day:
Tho' secure of our hearts, yet, confoundedly sick,
If they were not his own by finessing and trick:
He cast off his friends as a huntsman his pack, [back.
For he knew, when he pleas'd, he could whistle them
Of praise a mere glutton, he swallow'd what came,
And the puff of a dunce he mistook it for fame;
Till his relish grown callous, almost to disease,
Who pepper'd the highest, was surest to please.
Or let us be candid, and speak out our mind;
In unces applauded, he paid them in kind.
Ye ² Kenricks, ye ³ Kellys, and ⁴ Woodfalls, so grave,
What a commerce was yours, while you got and you
gave!

¹ Vide page 126.

² Vide page 129.

³ Mr. Hugh Kelly, author of False Delicacy, Word to the Wise, Clementina, School for Wives, &c. &c.

⁴ Mr. W. Woodfall, printer of the Morning Chronicle.

How did Grub-street re-echo the shouts that you
rais'd,
While he was be-Roscius'd, and you were beprais'd!
But peace to his spirit wherever it flies,
To act as an angel, and mix with the skies:
Those poets, who owe their best fame to his skill,
Shall still be his flatterers, go where he will;
Old Shakespeare, receive him with praise and with
love,

And Beaumonts and Bens be his Kellys ¹ above.

Here ² Hickey reclines, a most blunt pleasant
creature,

And slander itself must allow him good-nature:
He cherish'd his friend, and he relish'd a bumper;
Yet one fault he had, and that one was a thumper.
Perhaps you may ask if the man was a miser?
I answer, no, no; for he always was wiser.
Too courteous, perhaps, or obligingly flat?
His very worst foe can't accuse him of that.
Perhaps he confided in men as they go,
And so was too foolishly honest! ah, no!
Then what was his failing! come tell it, and burn ye!
He was, could he help it! a special attorney.

Here ³ Reynolds is laid, and, to tell you my
mind,

He has not left a wiser or better behind:
His pencil was striking, resistless and grand;
His manners were gentle, complying, and bland;

¹ Vide page 130.

² Vide page 126.

³ Ibid.

Still born to improve us in every part,
 His pencil our faces, his manners our heart :
 To coxcombs averse, yet most civilly steering,
 When they judg'd without skill he was still hard of
 hearing :
 When they talk'd of their Raphaels, Corregios, and
 stuff,
 He shifted his ¹ trumpet, and only took snuff.

POSTSCRIPT. ²

Here Whitefoord reclines, and deny it who can,
 Tho' he merrily liv'd, he is now a ³ grave man :
 Rare compound of oddity, frolic and fun !
 Who relish'd a joke, and rejoic'd in a pun ;
 Whose temper was generous, open, sincere ;
 A stranger to flatt'ry, a stranger to fear ;
 Who scatter'd around wit and humour at will ;
 Whose daily *bons-mots* half a column might fill :
 A Scotchman from pride and from prejudice free ;
 A scholar, yet surely no pedant was he.

What pity, alas ! that so lib'ral a mind
 Should so long be to newspaper essays confin'd !

¹ Sir Joshua Reynolds was so remarkably deaf as to be under the necessity of using an ear-trumpet in company.

² After the fourth edition of Retaliation was printed, the publisher received the above epitaph on Mr. Caleb Whitefoord, from a friend of the late Doctor Goldsmith.

³ Mr. W. was so notorious a punster, that Doctor Goldsmith used to say it was impossible to keep him company, without being infected with the itch of punning.

Who perhaps to the summit of science could soar,
Yet content "if the table he set in a roar:"
Whose talents to fill any station were fit,
Yet happy if ¹ Woodfall confess'd him a wit.

Ye news-paper witlings! ye pert scribbling folks
Who copied his squibs, and re-echo'd his jokes!
Ye tame imitators! ye servile herd! come—
Still follow your master, and visit his tomb!
To deck, it bring with you festoons of the vine,
And copious libations bestow on his shrine!
Then strew all around it (you can do no less)

² *Cross readings, ship-news, and mistakes of the press.*

Merry Whitefoord, farewell! For thy sake I admit
That a Scot may have humour—I had almost said
wit:

This debt to thy mem'ry I cannot refuse,
"Thou best humour'd man with the worst humour'd
muse!"

¹ Mr. H. S. Woodfall, printer of the Public Advertiser.

² Mr. Whitefoord has frequently indulged the town with humorous pieces under those titles in the Public Advertiser.



THE HERMIT.

“TURN, gentle Hermit of the dale,
“ And guide my lonely way
“ To where yon taper cheers the vale
“ With hospitable ray :

“ For here forlorn and lost I tread,
“ With fainting steps and slow,
“ Where wilds immeasurably spread
“ Seem length’ning as I go.”

“ Forbear, my son,” the Hermit cries,
“ To tempt the dang’rous gloom !
“ For yonder faithless phantom flies
“ To lure thee to thy doom.

“ Here to the houseless child of want
“ My door is open still :
“ And, tho’ my portion is but scant,
“ I give it with good will.

“ Then turn to-night, and freely share
“ Whate’er my cell bestows ;
“ My rushy couch and frugal fare,
“ My blessing and repose.

“ No flocks, that range the valley free,
“ To slaughter I condemn :
“ Taught by that pow’r that pities me
“ I learn to pity them ;

“ But from the mountain’s grassy side
“ A guiltless feast I bring;
“ A scrip with herbs and fruits supply’d,
“ And water from the spring.

“ Then, pilgrim, turn ; thy cares forego ;
“ All earth-born cares are wrong :
“ Man wants but little here below,
“ Nor wants that little long.”

Soft as the dew from heav’n descends,
His gentle accents fell :
The modest stranger lowly bends,
And follows to the cell.

Far in a wilderness obscure
The lonely mansion lay ;
A refuge to the neighb’ring poor,
And strangers led astray.

No stores beneath its humble thatch
Requir’d a master’s care ;
The wicket, op’ning with a latch,
Receiv’d the harmless pair.

And now, when busy crowds retire
To take their ev’ning rest,
The Hermit trimm’d his little fire,
And cheer’d his pensive guest ;

And spread his vegetable store,
And gayly prest, and smil’d ;
And, skill’d in legendary lore,
The ling’ring hours beguil’d.

Around in sympathetic mirth
Its tricks the kitten tries;
The cricket chirrups in the hearth;
The crackling faggot flies.

But nothing could a charm impart
To sooth a stranger's woe;
For grief was heavy at his heart,
And tears began to flow.

His rising cares the Hermit spy'd,
With answ'ring care opprest :
“ And, whence, unhappy youth ! ” he cry'd,
“ The sorrows of thy breast !

“ From better habitations spurn'd,
“ Reluctant dost thou rove !
“ Or grieve for friendship unreturn'd,
“ Or unregarded love !

“ Alas ! the joys that Fortune brings,
“ Are trifling and decay ;
“ And those who prize the paltry things,
“ More trifling still than they.

“ And what is friendship but a name—
“ A charm that lulls to sleep ;
“ A shade that follows wealth or fame,
“ And leaves the wretch to weep !

“ And love is still an emptier sound ;
“ The modern fair-one's jest ;
“ On earth unseen, or only found
“ To warm the turtle's nest.

“ For shame, fond youth ! thy sorrows hush,
“ And spurn the sex ! ” he said :
But while he spoke, a rising blush
His love-lorn guest betray’d.

Surpris’d he sees new beauties rise
Swift mantling to the view,
Like colours o’er the morning skies,
As bright, as transient too.

The bashful look, the rising breast,
Alternate spread alarms :
The lovely stranger stands confest
A maid in all her charms !

“ And, ah ! forgive a stranger rude,
“ A wretch forlorn,” she cry’d,
“ Whose feet unhallow’d thus intrude
“ Where Heav’n and you reside !

“ But let a maid thy pity share,
“ Whom love has taught to stray ;
“ Who seeks for rest, but finds despair
“ Companion of her way.

“ My father liv’d beside the Tyne ;
“ A wealthy lord was he :
“ And all his wealth was mark’d as mine ;
“ He had but only me.

“ To win me from his tender arms
“ Unnumber’d suitors came,
“ Who prais’d me for imputed charms,
“ And felt or feign’d a flame.

“ Each hour a mercenary crowd
“ With richest proffers strove:
“ Among the rest young Edwin bow’d,
“ But never talk’d of love.

“ In humble, simplest habit clad,
“ No wealth or power had he:
“ Wisdom and worth were all he had,
“ But these were all to me.

“ The blossom op’ning to the day,
“ The dews of heav’n refin’d,
“ Could nought of purity display
“ To emulate his mind.

“ The dew, the blossoms of the tree,
“ With charms inconstant shine;
“ Their charms were his, but, woe to me!
“ Their constancy was mine.

“ For still I try’d each fickle art,
“ Importunate and vain;
“ And while his passion touch’d my heart,
“ I triumph’d in his pain:

“ Till, quite dejected with my scorn,
“ He left me to my pride;
“ And sought a solitude forlorn,
“ In secret where he dy’d.

“ But mine the sorrow, mine the fault,
“ And well my life shall pay;
“ I’ll seek the solitude he sought,
“ And stretch me where he lay.

“ And there forlorn, despairing, hid,

“ I ’ll lay me down and die:

“ ’Twas so for me that Edwin did,

“ And so for him will I.”

“ Forbid it, Heaven!” the Hermit cry’d,

And clasp’d her to his breast:

The wond’ring Fair one turn’d to chide:

’Twas Edwin’s self that prest.

“ Turn, Angelina, ever dear,

“ My charmer, turn to see

“ Thy own, thy long-lost Edwin here,

“ Restor’d to love and thee!

“ Thus let me hold thee to my heart,

“ And ev’ry care resign!

“ And shall we never, never part,

“ My life—my all that’s mine!”

“ No, never, from this hour to part;

“ We’ll live and love so true,

“ The sigh that rends thy constant heart

“ Shall break thy Edwin’s too.”



THE
HAUNCH OF VENISON;
A POETICAL EPISTLE
TO
LORD CLARE.

THANKS, my lord, for your ven'son, for finer or
fatter

Never rang'd in a forest, or smoak'd in a platter:
The haunch was a picture for painters to study;
The fat was so white, and the lean was so ruddy.
Though my stomach was sharp, I could scarce help
regretting

To spoil such a delicate picture by eating:
I had thoughts in my chambers to place it in view
To be shown to my friends as a piece of virtu,
As in some Irish houses, where things are so so,
One gammon of bacon hangs up for a show;
But for eating a rasher of what they take pride in
They'd as soon think of eating the pan it is fry'd in.
But hold!—let me pause—don't I hear you pro-
nounce

This tale of the bacon's a damnable bounce;
Well, suppose it a bounce—sure, a poet may try
By a bounce now and then to get courage to fly.

But, my lord, it's no bounce: I protest in my turn:
It's a truth—and your lordship may ask Mr. Burn¹.

¹ Lord Clare's nephew.

To go on with my tale—as I gaz'd on the haunch,
 I thought of a friend that was trusty and staunch;
 So I cut it, and sent it to Reynolds undrest,
 To paint it, or eat it, just as he liked best.
 Of the neck and the breast I had next to dispose;
 'Twas a neck and a breast that might rival Monroe's;
 But in parting with these I was puzzled again
 With the how, and the who, and the where, and
 the when.

There's H—d, and C—y, and H—rth, and H—ff,
 I think they love ven'son—I know they love beef.
 There's my countryman Higgins — Oh! let him
 alone

For making a blunder, or picking a bone.
 But hang it!—to poets who seldom can eat
 Your very good mutton's a very good treat;
 Such dainties to them their health it might hurt,
 It's like sending them ruffles when wanting a shirt.
 While thus I debated, in reverie center'd,
 An acquaintance, a friend as he call'd himself,
 enter'd;

An under-bred, fine-spoken fellow was he,
 And he smil'd as he look'd at the ven'son and me.
 “What have we got here? Why, this is good eating!”
 “Your own I suppose—or is it in waiting?”
 “Why, whose should it be?” cried I with a flounce:
 “I get these things often”—but that was a bounce;
 “Some lords, my acquaintance, that settle the
 “nation,

“Are pleas'd to be kind—but I hate ostentation.”
 “If that be the case then,” cried he, very gay,
 “I'm glad I have taken this house in my way.”

To-morrow you take a poor dinner with me;

“ No words—I insist on’t—precisely at *three* :

“ We’ll have Johnson, and Burke—all the wits will
“ be there ;

“ My acquaintance is slight, or I’d ask my lord
“ Clare.

“ And, now that I think on’t, as I am a sinner!

“ We wanted this ven’son to make out a dinner.

“ What say you!—a pasty! it shall, and it must;

“ And my wife, little Kitty, is famous for crust.

“ Here, porter—this ven’son with me to Mile-end;

“ No stirring—I beg—my dear friend!—my dear
“ friend! ”

Thus, snatching his hat, he brush’d off like the wind,
And the porter and eatables follow’d behind.

Left alone to reflect, having emptied my shelf,
And “ nobody with me at sea but myself,”

Tho’ I could not help thinking my gentleman hasty,
Yet Johnson, and Burke, and a good ven’son pasty,
Were things that I never dislik’d in my life,

Though clogg’d with a coxcomb, and Kitty his wife.

So next day, in due splendour to make my approach,
I drove to his door in my own hackney coach.

When come to the place where we were all to
dine

(A chair-lumber’d closet just twelve feet by nine)

My friend bade me welcome, but struck me quite
dumb

With tidings that Johnson and Burke would not
come ;

“ For I knew it”, he cry’d : “ both eternally fail—

“ The one with his speeches, and t’other with Thrals;

“ But no matter, I’ll warrant we’ll make up the party
 “ With two full as clever, and ten times as hearty.
 “ The one is a Scotchman, the other a Jew,
 “ They both of them merry, and authors like you;
 “ The one writes the Snarler, the other the Scourge;
 “ Some think he writes Cinna—he owns to Panurge.”

While thus he describ’d them by trade and by name,
 They enter’d, and dinner was serv’d as they came.

At the top, a fry’d liver and bacon were seen,
 At the bottom was tripe in a swinging tureen;
 At the sides there was spinnage and pudding made
 hot:

In the middle a place, where the pasty—was not.
 Now, my lord, as for tripe it’s my utter aversion,
 And your bacon I hate like a Turk or a Persian—
 So there I sat stuck, like a horse in a pound,
 While the bacon and liver went merrily round:
 But what vex’d me most was that damn’d Scottish
 rogue

With his long-winded speeches, his smiles and his
 brogue;

And, “ madam”, quoth he, “ may this bit be my
 “ poison!”

“ A prettier dinner I never set eyes on;
 “ Pray, a slice of your liver, though, may I be curst!
 “ But I’ve eat of your tripe till I’m ready to burst.”
 “ The tripe, quoth the Jew with his chocolate
 “ cheek,

“ I could dine on this tripe seven days in a week;

“ I like these here dinners so pretty and small—

“ But your friend there, the doctor, eats nothing at
 “ all.”

“ O—ho! quoth my friend, he’ll come on in a trice;
 “ He’s keeping a corner for something that’s nice:
 “ There’s a pasty ”—“ a pasty! ” repeated the Jew;
 “ I don’t care if I keep a corner for’t too.”
 “ What the de’il! mon, a pasty! ” re-echo’d the Scot;
 “ Though splitting, I’ll still keep a corner for that.”
 “ We’ll all keep a corner,” the lady cried out;
 “ We’ll all keep a corner,” was echo’d about.
 While thus we resolv’d, and the pasty delay’d,
 With looks that quite petrified, enter’d the maid:
 A visage so sad, and so pale with affright,
 Wak’d Priam in drawing his curtains by night.
 But we quickly found out, for who could mistake
 her!

That she came with some terrible news from the
baker:

And so it fell out; for that negligent sloven
 Had shut out the pasty on shutting his oven,
 Sad Philomel thus—but let similes drop—
 And, now that I think on’t, the story may stop,
 To be plain, my good lord, it’s but labour misplac’d
 To send such good verses to one of your taste;
 You’ve got an odd something—a kind of discerning—
 A relish—a taste—sicken’d over by learning;
 At least, it’s your temper, as very well known,
 That you think very slightly of all that’s your own:
 So perhaps, in your habits of thinking amiss,
 You may make a mistake, and think slightly of this.

THE END.

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Jew;

Scot;
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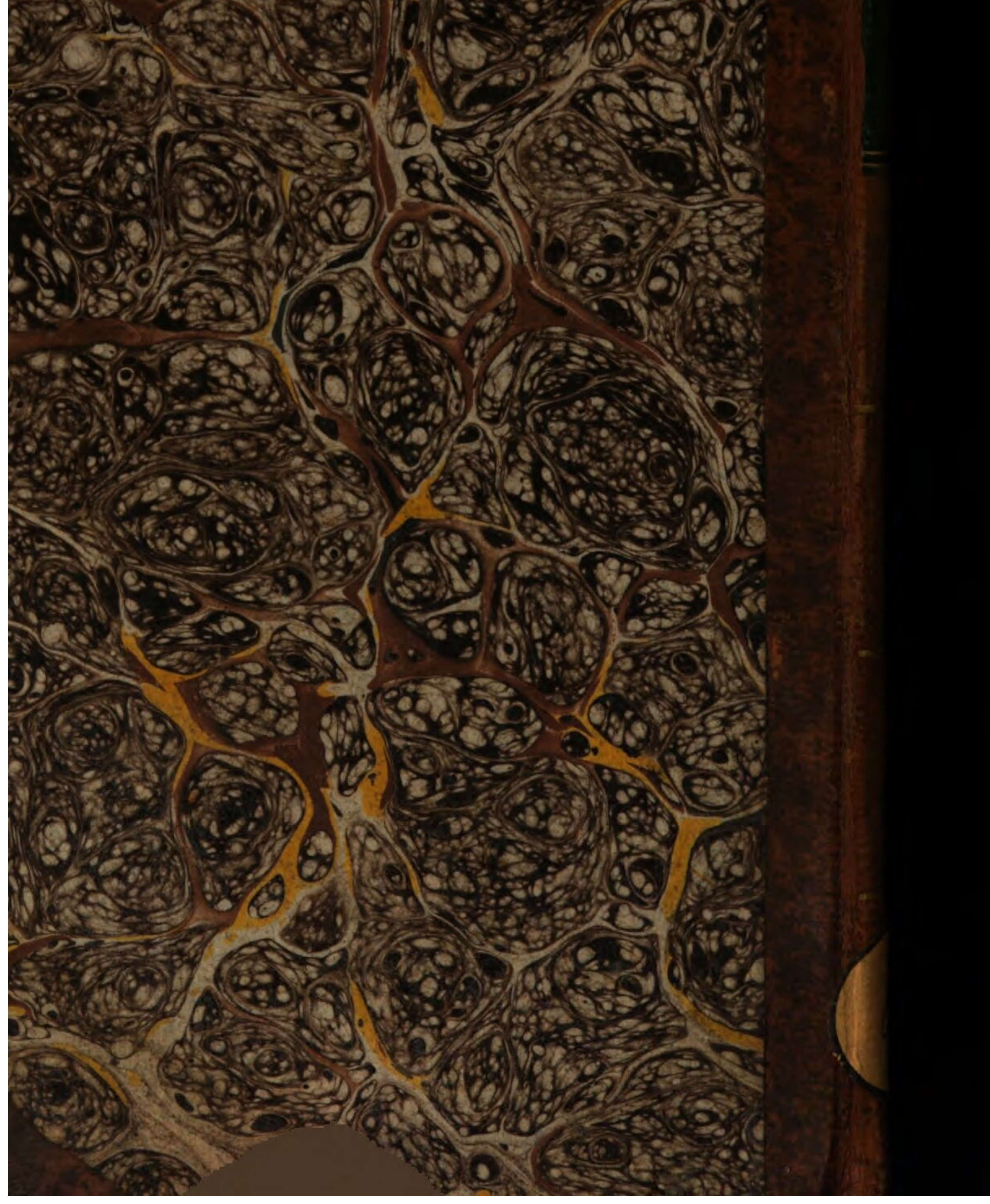
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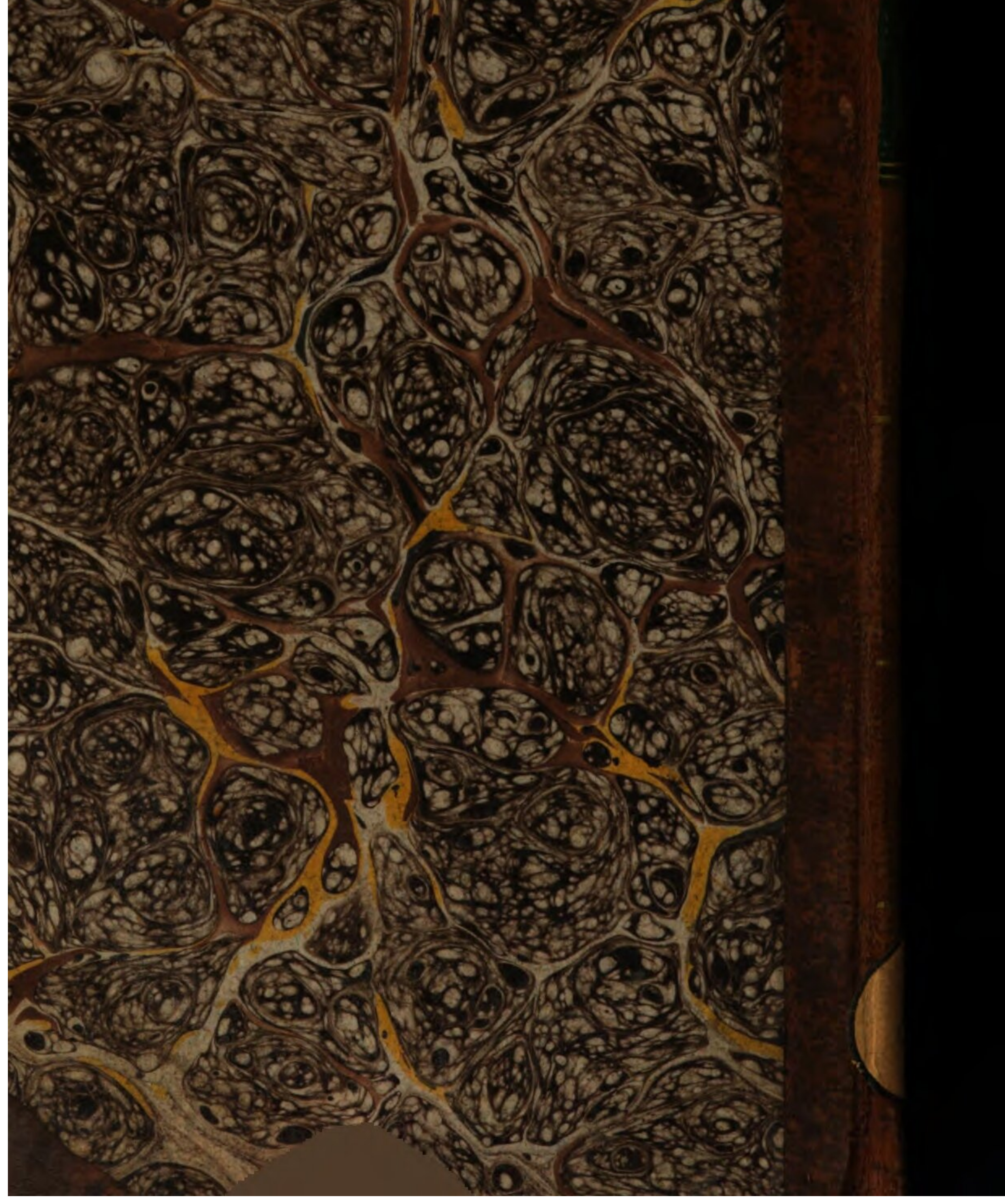
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Rogers, Samuel,

The Pleasures of Memory

Paris 1805

Bibl.Mont. 877

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